

FROM THE EAST AND FROM THE WEST

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BY

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There is nothing new, except the old

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FROM THE EAST

DEDICATION

TO FRIENDS AT HOME

SUCH as I have to give is yours.

I send this wisdom of the East
To win a welcome at your doors,
Hoping our love may be increased.

Such as I have to give is yours.

What worth it has is not mine own ;
I found it lying on these shores ;
And S'adi's be the praise alone.

But now 'tis mine I make it yours,

That S'adi may to you be known,
Whose thought, where eastern sunlight pours,
Right regally still holds the throne.

DEDICATION TO FRIENDS AT HOME

So now 'tis mine I make it yours.

In this my part begins and ends,
That, lighting on these orient stores,
I choose a gift for you, my friends!

.
And should it please a few who read
Toward me in kindly thought to turn,
That were a recompense indeed,
—Paid in the coin I most would earn.

FROM THE PERSIAN

FROM THE GULISTAN OF S'ADI

THE TWO MINISTERS

JUST a wave of the hand,—'twas the royal command
The captive to slay. The wretch, in dismay,
In abuse outbroke in the language he spoke,
And reviled the king. 'Tis an old saying:—

Whoso is face to face with death,
The naked truth he uttereth.

Long grows his tongue whose day of hope has
passed ;
The worried cat flies at the dog at last.

In time of need, when other help is none,
The sword's wrong end the hand lays hold upon.

The king inquired what he meant.
A minister, with kind intent,

THE TWO MINISTERS

Replied, "O Sire! he says¹ '*And those
Who check their wrath and spare their foes
God loveth—the beneficent.*'"

The king, with pity touched, forwent
The vengeance of his punishment.
A second minister, in all
The first's exact reciprocal,
Said, "'Tis not meet that we should bring
Aught but the truth before a king.
This man abused the king—indeed,
His insults base all bounds exceed."
A frown passed o'er the monarch's brow.
"To judge from motives, I avow,
The lie he told offends me less
Than your malicious truthfulness.
He with his lie hath good at heart,
Your truth has played a baser part.
Wise men have said, a lie benevolent
Is better than a truth malevolent."

Shame 'twere should he harsh counsels bring
Who guides the footsteps of a king.

A quotation from the Koran.

INSCRIPTION ON THE PALACE OF
FARIDÚN

THE following lines were inscribed over the gateway of the palace of Faridún:—

The world, Oh my brother! abideth with none;
Give thou the Creator thy heart, and have done!
Seek not in the world either comfort or stay,
For many like thee doth it nourish—and slay.
When thy purified soul longs at last to depart,
What then whether king or a beggar thou art?

A KING'S DREAM

ONE of the kings of Khúrasán saw in a dream by
night

Sabuktagin's victorious son, Sultan Mahmud, despite
The hundred years flown by since death had
claimed him for his own ;

He saw his body turned to dust, all but the eyes
alone,

That life-like in their sockets rolled, and gazed
on all around.

The wise men all essayed the dream, but none
its meaning found,

Till a poor darwesh fathomed it, and said, " Till
now his eyes

Keep watch, because his realms have passed to
others as a prize.

Great men enough are buried underground

No trace of whom on the wide earth is found ;

A KING'S DREAM

And that old body, given to the grave,
From death's long banquet not a bone shall save.
Still lives the fame of Nushirwan the Just,
Though ages since his body turned to dust.
Do right, O man! live well life's little day,
Ere comes the cry that thou hast passed away.

AN ILL-FAVOURED PRINCE

THERE once was a prince who was ugly and small,
Whose brothers were handsome and stately and tall.
With a look of disgust the king eyed him one day ;
The prince had the sense to perceive it straightway,
And said, " Better, Father, be little and wise
Than feeble of mind and a giant in size.
Things that are small are oft worth a lot ;
Goat's flesh is clean, but the elephant's not.

The smallest mountain of the earth

Is Sinai, and yet,

Higher in dignity and worth

God hath no summit set.

Hast thou heard what was said by a spare man
and wise

One day to a fool who was double his size ?

' A true Arab horse, though his body be slender,
Who would for a herd of fat asses surrender ? ' "

AN ILL-FAVOURED PRINCE

At this the king smiled, and the courtiers were
pleased ;

The brothers with rage and vexation were seized.

Until a stranger has begun to talk

His merits and his faults lie hidden deep.

Think not 'tis safe in every wood to walk,

A tiger may be lying there asleep.

A powerful foe of the king, so I hear,

Appeared at that time. When the armies drew near,

And ready for fight stood in battle array,

The foremost to urge his steed into the fray

Was the ill-favoured prince. He but lingered to
say :—

“I am not one to turn my back

When battle rages round,

But in the thickest of the fight

I fighting shall be found.

Who plungeth in the fight himself

May lose his life, 'tis true ;

But he who fleeth from the field

May lose an army too.”

AN ILL-FAVOURED PRINCE

So said he and smote with his might the king's
foes ;

Their mightiest fell 'neath the weight of his blows.
And when to the king he was joyfully led,
First kissing the ground in obeisance, he said :—

“O thou ! despiser of my form so slight,
Think not more merit in big bodies lies ;
The slender horse is fitter for a fight
Than stalléd oxen fattened for a prize.”

They say that the foe came on countless to view,
The troops of the king to withstand them were few.
A company ready to break into flight
He turned with a shout again back to the fight.
“Return to the charge ! Are you men or old wives ?”
Their courage revived ; without thought for their lives
They charged in a body ; the foe was undone
That glorious day, and the victory won.
The king gave him welcome with kiss and embrace,
And daily delighted to gaze on his face,
And named him his heir to succeed to his place.
His brothers in jealousy poisoned his food ;
His sister saw all from her room where she stood,

AN ILL-FAVOURED PRINCE

And slammed her door to; 'twas a warning he
knew;

He said, as his hand from the dish he withdrew,
" Absurd that the wise and the worthy should die,
And the foolish and worthless their place occupy!
No one would seek an owl's ill-omened shade,
Though never phoenix darkened field or glade.

The king, when he heard of this deed of disgrace,
Straight summoned the brothers before his face,
And roundly rebuked them for action so base.
He sent each to govern some province remote;
So ceased their contentions. The proverb to quote:

Two darweshes under one blanket can sleep,
Two kings in one clime scarce a footing can keep.

The man of God eats half a loaf himself,
And gives a half as alms unto the poor;
But if a king possess the seven climes,
He is ambitious still to win one more.

THE ROBBERS: AN EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION

A BAND of Arab robbers had settled on a hill,
And closed the road to travellers, and worked their
wicked will,
Till they became a terror to all the country-side,
And the army of the Sultan was worsted in its
pride ;
For in the mountain passes, where none durst
venture near,
They made a safe asylum beyond the reach of
fear.
From all the neighbouring regions the Governors
combined
Some riddance from the evil, some hopeful plan to
find ;
For should they leave them longer to plunder as
they list,
It would be worse than useless thereafter to resist.

THE ROBBERS:

A sapling new-planted in alien soil
The strength of one man will pull up without
toil ;

If you let it alone such a hold will it take
That a windlass and rope its roots will not
shake.

You may dam up a stream at its source with
a spade,

Whose passage on elephants cannot be made.

Together they decided to send a faithful spy ;
Then patiently they waited, till from their fastness
high

The robber band, on booty bent, on some near tribe
made swift descent,

Leaving, too blindly confident, their place with no
one nigh.

Then hastened veteran warriors, right trusty men
and tried,

In a rock-cleft deep-riven, in ambush close to hide.
At night when from the foray the brigands home
returned,

Well laden with the plunder that their bold swords
had earned,

THE ROBBERS:

Tired, cast they down their booty, their arms aside
they cast.

Of foes, sleep first assailed them; so when one
watch was past—

The sun behind the night's dark veil,

Like Jonah hid within the whale—

The valiant men in ambush leaped forth to the attack,
And seized them all and bound them, their hands
behind their back,

And to the king next morning brought the whole
robber pack.

The king to death condemned them. Was any
room for ruth?

It chanced a lad was with them, new to the sweets
of youth,

Soft down his lips scarce showing, almost a child,
in truth.

Then bowing low and kissing the ground before the
throne,

Of the wazirs one pleaded for this lad's life alone.
"This boy no fruit has tasted from the fertile fields
of time,

Nor caught the keen enjoyment that gilds youth's
golden prime.

AN EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION

Of your royal grace and favour, the hope I would
confess

That your high clemency to him may claim my
thankfulness."

The king at this entreaty his brows in anger knit,
It won not his approval, and thus he answered it:—

"A base-born fellow cannot catch
Of goodness from the good one ray,
His education what shall match?
A walnut on a dome, they say.

The whole pernicious brood 'twere best exterminate,
To slay them root and branch would wisdom
indicate.

A raging fire to quench, and the smouldering
sparks to fan,
To kill the snake and spare its young were sure no
prudent plan.

Were the waters of life from the clouds to rain
down

You never could live on the willow-tree's fruit
So waste not your time on a low bred clown,
No sugar is pressed from the mat-cane's shoot."

THE ROBBERS :

This the wazir admitted. What could he but
assent?

He praised the royal judgment as wise and
excellent.

“All that my lord hath spoken—Long live my
lord, the king!—

Is rightly said, nor can I one word in answer bring.
Right true it is that had he among these thieves
been trained,

He would have had their nature deeply in his
ingrained,

And one of them in spirit must ever have remained.
But I, your slave, am hopeful that, living with the
good,

He will imbibe their nature, and walk as wise men
should.

Still is he but a stripling; the wicked wayward
ways

Of these his bad companions will pass with boy-
hood's days;

And in the blest traditions our holy Prophet says,
No child is born without the pale of the religion
true,

His parents make him Magian, or Christian, or Jew.

AN EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION

The son of Noah banded with the bad,
For this his kinsmen lost prophetic rank ;
The dog of the Seven Sleepers became man,
Having their blest companionship to thank."

He ended, and the courtiers to his joined their
request.

The king agreed to spare him, yet lingered to protest.
"I grant him pardon," said he, "not that I think it
best.

Hast thou heard what said Zál to Rustam the
bold?

An enemy never contemptible hold.

We have seen many rivers, mere rills at their
source,

That would wash away camel and pack when
in force."

In short, they lavished on the lad a kind and tender
care,

And found a skilful tutor to train in habits fair,
Who taught him courteous address, and forms of
speech polite,

And how in royal service to bear himself aright ;

THE ROBBERS :

So that he found high favour and grace in all men's sight.

Once the wazir before the king ventured his praise to sound,

And said that wise instruction had left a mark profound,

That now the former rudeness from out his soul had sped,

And a wise and noble spirit was manifest instead.

The king at this portrayal smiled doubtfully, and said :—

“On our milk thou hast been fed,

And with us thou hast been bred,

How dost know, and by whose help,

That thou art a wild wolf's whelp?

With a nature that is vile

Any teaching is futile.

Wolf's whelp grows to wolf at last

Though with men its days are passed.”

Two years flew by, when round him a wild and lawless band

Of boon companions gathered, sworn fast by him to stand.

AN EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION

He seized the opportunity to murder the wazir
And both his sons, and with great store of wealth
to disappear :

Then took in the robbers' cavern his rebel father's
place.

The king said, though he bit his hand amazed at
deed so base :—

“Good sword of bad iron how can a man make?
No schooling the base, of their baseness, will
break.

The rain, in whose sweetness no change can
be traced,

Brings tulips in gardens and weeds on the
waste.

A brackish soil no spikenard will bear,
So waste not thou the seed of labour there.
To do a kindness to a vicious brood
Is ever rank injustice to the good.”

THE CHIEFTAIN'S SON

Die for relief, oh envious man! for thine is a
disease

To which no art can minister, death is thy sole
release."

The luckless pray for their relief
That luckier men may come to grief.
If the bat's eye is blind by day,
Who blames for this the solar ray?
Better thus blind ten thousand eyes
Than sunlight banished from the skies!

THE KING AND THE CANDID WAZIR

OF one of Persia's kings the tale they tell
That on his people's goods oppressive fell
His grasping hand ; so harsh a despot he
That folk, heart-sick of ceaseless tyranny,
In exile sought escape from dire distress.
When few were left, and revenues grew less,
His coffers empty, foes began to press.

Whoso a helping hand would find
When comes his time of need,
Should in prosperity be kind
In thought and word and deed.
The slave you harshly treat and ill
Will he not run away ?
Be kind, be kind, and strangers will
Like slaves your word obey.

THE KING AND THE CANDID WAZIR

One day they chanced the king to entertain
With Zahhák's fall and Faridún's great reign
From the Shahnáma. A wázir asked the king,
"This Faridún lacked wealth and following,
How came the crown to rest upon his brow?"
Said he, "A host flocked round him, so heard'st
thou,
And brought him strength—their choice, it would
appear,
And so he climbed the throne." Then the wazir,
"O King! since gathering friends can empire
bring,
Why dost thou send thy people scattering?
Maybe thou carest not to be a king.

To keep thy army as thy life is right,
Because a Sultan rules but in its might."

The king asked, "How came troops and people
round?"

Said he, "A king in largesse should abound,
That they may flock to him; and kindness, so
That safety they beneath his sway may know;
And thou no trace of this or that dost show.

THE KING AND THE CANDID WAZIR

A heartless tyrant cannot rightly reign ;
To set a wolf to shepherd flocks were vain.
The king who lays on tyranny his foundation
Deep undermines the bulwarks of his nation."

The king heard the wazir with ill content,
Frowned at his words, and him to prison sent.
Soon rose the royal cousins 'gainst the throne,
And claimed their father's kingdom for their own.
Those who had feared before his yoke to bow,
And fled dispersed, round them came thronging
now,
Bringing such strength that crown and sceptre
passed
From him to them, the rightful heirs, at last.

The king who governs with tyrannic sway
'Turns friend to foe in trouble's evil day.
Thy people gain, and fear no trump of war ;
A good king's people the best army are.

THE SLAVE ON THE KING'S SHIP

A SLAVE passed with a monarch

On board the royal bark ;

His eyes as yet had never

Gazed upon waters dark ;

Nor had he known the troubles

Of them that sail the sea.

Full soon he wept and trembled

For very misery.

Try as they might to soothe him,

They could not hush his cries ;

The King could get no quiet,

Nor any help devise.

A famous sage was with them,

Who said unto the king,

“ At your command I'll compass

This caitiff's silencing.”

The king said, “ 'Twere right welcome ;

Pray do thy best for me.”

THE SLAVE ON THE KING'S SHIP

Forthwith he had the fellow
Flung out into the sea.
Then after many plunges
They caught him by the hair,
And hauled him to the rudder,
And left him hanging there.
After an hour's drenching
He crouched on deck demure.
The king, well pleased, demanded
The secret of the cure.
"Ah, Sire! at first he knew not
How hard 'tis being drowned,
Nor how to prize the refuge
That in a ship is found,
Arigh*t* *he* values safety
Whom perils have ringed round."

Oh sated one! Plain barley bread you like not
well;
Her whom I love you find to be a plain-faced belle.
Heaven's Houris think that Purgatory is a hell;
To souls in hell it would be heaven therein to
dwell.

THE SLAVE ON THE KING'S SHIP

One thing it is o'erjoyed to clasp the loved one
safe and sure ;

Another thing to long for her, and wait and watch
the door.

HURMUZ AND HIS FATHER'S WAZIRS

WHEN Hurmuz was asked, "What crime come
to light

Has banished thy father's wazirs from thy sight,
And made their imprisoning seemly and right?"

He answered, "From crime I believe they are free,
But I know that they trembled in terror of me,
And doubted my word and my sincerity.

So feared I, from fear for their future welfare,
They, daring, to compass my ruin might dare,
And the words of the wise man came home to me
there:—

'Fear him who feareth thee, thou who art wise!
Though hundreds such were foemen to despise.
Thou seest how a cat when brought to bay
Will tear a tiger's eyes out any day.
The cunning snake strikes at the shepherd's heel,
Lest its own head the fatal stone should feel.'

THE SICK KING RECEIVES GOOD NEWS

SICK lay an Arab king, with years o'er-borne,
Cut off from hope of life, a man forlorn.
There came a horseman riding, hot with haste—
"Good news for thee, whom Victory hath graced!
Yon fort is taken, captive all thy foes!
Nor troops nor people longer thee oppose!"
Cold sighed the king—"Good news? 'Tis not for me!
Go tell my foes,—my heirs, the kings to be."

Alas! dear life in this fond hope has passed,
That my heart's dream would yet come true at
last.

My hopes fulfilled, what gain I? since 'tis plain
I cannot live my lost years o'er again.

Death's hand has beat the drum for me to die,
My eyes unto my head must say goodbye,
My hands, my wrists, my arms, 'tis time for you
Unto each other all to bid adieu.

THE SICK KING RECEIVES GOOD NEWS

Fulfilled on me the wishes of my foe,
Pass once before me, friends, before I go.
In foolishness has passed my earthly day ;
Hear ye and heed, and walk a wiser way.

AT ST. JOHN'S MOSQUE

WHERE sleeps St. John—to him may God be
good!—

Within Damascus mosque at prayer I stood.
An Arab king, who bore an evil name
For rule unjust, thither a suppliant came.

The rich and poor besiege this door,
And who have most aye ask the more.

To me he turned—"Since darweshes are sure
Of their petitions, for their lives are pure,
Pray thou to God for me, too sorely pressed
By mighty foes, and grievously distressed."

I said, "Be thou unto thy people kind,
And cast all fear of foreign foe behind."

With stalwart arms and fingers strong,
To crush a weakling's hands were wrong.

AT ST. JOHN'S MOSQUE

Who grinds the low, fears he no fall,
With none to help when he shall call ?
In a fool's paradise he goes
Who looks for good yet evil sows.
Hear when men cry, give judgment true ;
If not—God's judgment waits for you.

Men are as members all of one another,
Created like as brother unto brother.
When in a body one part suffers pain
How can the others unconcerned remain ?
Thou who to others' sufferings art blind
Canst surely not belong to human kind.

THE DARWESH OF BAGHDAD

IN Baghdad rose a darwesh great in prayer.
Hajjáj-bin-Yusuf, who held lordship there,
Called him and said, "For me a blessing pray."
He prayed, "Oh God! Take thou his life away!"
"Hold!" cried he, "for God's sake, what prayer is
this?"

"For thee and all the world a blessing 'tis."
"How so?" He answered, "If thou wert to die,
Thy crimes would cease, and cease men's misery."

Who dost thy people's peace destroy,
How long wilt thou this sport enjoy?
What profits thee a world's possession?
Better thy death than thy oppression.

THE KING AND THE HOLY MAN

A KING, who trod his people underfoot,
Once to a holy man this question put,
"Of all the acts of worship, tell me true,
Which seems the holiest and best to you?"
He said, "For thee the noontide sleep is best,
When one brief hour thou giv'st thy people rest."

I saw a tyrant sleeping at high noon.
"The wretch," I cried, "he's sleeping; what a
boon!"

He who is best when he's asleep in bed,
'Twere better he lay dead among the dead!

THE KING AND THE BEGGAR

A KING who had turned the night hours into day
With carousals, sang out, when with wine he
waxed gay,

"A happier moment I never have known.
What's to hope or to fear? Oh, let other folk
groan!"

A poor naked darwesh lay out in the cold,
Who shouted him back with a tongue overbold,
"Oh, the like of whose fortune the world hath not
seen!

If thou hast no troubles are mine the less keen?"
The king, nothing angered, the merrier grew,
And held out a bag full of gold to his view.
"Come, hold out your skirt for a golden windfall."
"How hold out a skirt, who have no clothes at
all?"

THE KING AND THE BEGGAR

The king's heart was touched, "Ah, so poor and so bare!"

And he sent out the gold with warm garments to wear.

In a very few days the poor darwesh had spent Every penny, and back to the palace he went.

Wealth they cannot keep who a beggar's life live;
Nor patience the lover, nor water the sieve.

The news to the king maladroitly they brought
When nothing was further away from his thought,
And his anger was roused 'gainst the poor good-
for-nought.

Hence one of the counsels of courtiers springs,—
Beware of the sudden-born fury of kings,
For their minds being burdened with business of
state

The touch of the crowd they cannot tolerate.
At times a salaam only kindles their ire,
At times for abuse they bestow rich attire.
Forbidden to him be the favour of kings
Who hath not an eye to the fitness of things.

THE KING AND THE BEGGAR

If the right opportunity hath not occurred,
See thou harm not thy cause by a witless word.

Said the king, "Drive the pert spendthrift beggar
away

Who squanders a bounty for years in a day.
The stores of the state are for starving men's
meat,

And not for such devil's own brothers to eat.
The fool who by day burns a rare camphor light
Will soon have no oil for his lantern at night."

Whereon a wazir of the Council spoke out,
"Oh Sire! it is well, beyond question or doubt,
To deal to such fellows a small daily dole,
Lest, received all at once, they should squander
the whole.

But, as touching thy threat to withhold further
dower,

It is scarcely beseeming a king of thy power
By favours the hopes of a man to excite,
And then with despair his sore spirit to smite."
None can for himself his hope's portals throw wide ;
Nor close them, once open, though oft it be tried.

THE KING AND THE BEGGAR

The bird flies
Where the grain shows ;
Where no grain lies
No bird goes.

One sees not the thirst-stricken pilgrim go slake
His thirst at the brink of a bare brackish lake ;
But where a sweet fountain of water is found,
There men, and there birds, and there ants gather
round.

THE BAD KING AND HIS SOLDIERS

A KING sought not the welfare of his land,
And vexed his troops with harsh and niggard hand.
When came a foeman forth to offer fight,
His soldiers all betook themselves to flight.

To take the sword comes hard to him, alack!
Who from his army keeps his bounty back.
How can he shine amid the ranks of war,
Whose hands of daily bread left empty are?

One of these runagates my friend had been.
Him I reproached,—“’Tis low, ungrateful, mean,
At some reverse of fortune unforeseen
To leave thy erewhile master in distress,
Forgetting years of debt to his largesse.”

“Stay, friend,” he cried; “what if my horse lacks
food,
Saddle and bit in pawn, is’t then so rude?

THE BAD KING AND HIS SOLDIERS

The king who keeps his soldiers short of pay,
Thinks he for him they'll fling their life away!"

Give men thy gold, for thee they'll risk their head;
But guard thy gold—they'll guard their life instead.

The well-fed warrior burns to join the fight,
While hungry starvelings turn and take to flight.

THE EX-WAZIR

ONCE a wazir, dismissed from power and place,
Was fain with darweshes to hide his face.
He shared their pious converse, not in vain,
For his afflicted heart found peace again.
At length the king once more upon him smiled,
Wished to restore him and be reconciled.
But he said, "No; than any place of trust
'Tis better far to be from office thrust.
Who in a quiet corner safely sit
Cannot by men or dogs be plagued or bit;
They may tear up their paper, break their pen
Safe from the hand and tongue of captious men."
The king replied, "But now we greatly need
One wise and fit our royal steps to lead."
Said he, "The wise and fit by this are known,
That all such business, Sire! they leave alone."

For this the phoenix ranks 'mong birds as king,
It feeds on bones, and hurts no living thing.

THE BLACK-EAR LYNX

THEY asked the black-ear lynx, the lion's base
provider,

Why choose the lion's service? Was thy choice
no wider?

He said, "Because I safely munch my master's
leavings,

But for whose fury greedy beasts would seize my
thievings."

They said, "Now thou go'st safe by grace of his
protection,

So far high favoured, why not seek more close
connexion,

Be brought within the circle bound by bonds the
dearest,

And counted as his helper still, of the sincerest?"

He said, "Ah then I should be, in his rage too
nearest."

THE BLACK-EAR LYNX

Though full a hundred years one tend the sacred
fire,

If he fall in, its flames will make his funeral pyre.
Courtiers get golden gifts at times in service royal ;
At times, off go their heads, however true and
loyal.

Hence wise men say, beware the moods of kings,
how fleeting !

They may or punish or reward your humble
greeting.

This too—though jests may crown a courtier's
acts supremely,

Among the wise vain pleasantries are held unseemly.

Let courtiers play their pretty pranks unchecked ;
Guard thou thy dignity and self-respect.

HE WHO WOULD SERVE A KING

A FRIEND came to tell me the tale of his woes.

“My means, Oh, how scant! How my family
grows!

I haven't the heart their starvation to face,
And often would flee to some far-away place,
Where a living by hook or by crook might be
made,
With no one to know me, to scorn or upbraid.

Many a beggar has fallen on sleep,
His name and his story unknown ;
Full oft, with no sorrowing mourner to weep,
The soul from the body has flown.

But sorely I dread the delight of my foes,
Who scoffing might blame me, and lightly
suppose
Such thought for my children unmanliness shows.

HE WHO WOULD SERVE A KING

Ho! see what a spiritless coward is here!
What fortune can fall to his lot?
To him his own cheer is the only thing dear,
His wife and his children forgot!

But for figures you know I've a natural turn,
And if you would help me king's wages to earn,
My mind set at rest, I should thank you and
praise,
Though never enough, to the end of my days."

I said, "Ah, my brother! the service of kings
Makes offer of two very different things.
It is true it holds out the fair promise-of bread,
But it puts you in fear lest you forfeit your head.
And against the advice of the prudent it were
For promise of bread fear of death to incur.

No officer into a beggar's cot
To gather the land-tax will go.
Then quietly bear with your luckless lot,
Not throw out your heart to the crow!"

He said, "All this talk is for me out of place;
An honest man sure can a reckoning face.

HE WHO WOULD SERVE A KING

Uprightness brings faith in the favour of God,
None are lost who the path of the righteous have
trod.

The man whose accounts are straightforward and
clear,

When the audit is made can have nothing to fear.
In power withhold your own hand; that's the way
The hand of your foe to restrain in his day.

Be clean and pure-souled, and let fear be
unknown;

It is clothes that are soiled must be banged on
a stone."

I said, "Hear this tale of a fox who one day
Went limping along and shrank skulking away.
They asked him what evil or presage of harm
Had set him in such a sad state of alarm.

'Ha!' said, he 'sound camels they're-seeking and
seizing,

To drive them to work that to me were un-
pleasing.'

They replied, 'What a dolt! what are camels to
you?

With camels whatever can you have to do?'

HE WHO WOULD SERVE A KING

He said, 'Hush! if my enemies choose to declare
That I'm a young camel and get me pressed
there,

To set me at liberty no one would care.
And while from afar they an antidote bring,
The snake-bitten wretch will be dead of the
sting!

You are worthy and faithful, right pious and true,
But there will be foes on the look-out for you.
If they dub you exactly the thing you are not
The royal displeasure may darken your lot;
And then what could help you to frustrate their
plot?

So take this advice—it is meant for the best—
Be lord of the realm of contentment; make quest
For no other office. The wise have confest
There are treasures untold in the watery deep,
But if safety you seek, 'tis ashore you should
keep."

Aggrieved at these words he at once took offence.
"What acting is this? Is it reason or sense?
How true that in prison we find out our friends;
False, false may he be who our banquet attends.

HE WHO WOULD SERVE A KING

Friends are not those who smiling stand,
And boast their love 'mid life's success.
Your friend in deed will clasp your hand -
In days 'of trouble and distress."

More wrathful he grew, deeming me insincere ;
So, yielding, I sought the benevolent ear
Of my friend, the High Lord of the Treasures of
State,
And spoke of his merits, attainments—and fate,
And got him appointed to fill a small post.
Time passed. Still in tact and in counsel foremost
He pleased, while he rendered high service ; at
last
Through higher to highest of honours he passed.
Hope's pinnacle reached, right-hand man to the
king,
He was sent for and trusted in everything ;
—And I joyed in his joy, and 'gan joyfully sing,

Though bound and hedged in, lose not heart in
the strife ;
Hidden deep in dark rocks wells the water of
life.

HE WHO WOULD SERVE A KING

Grieve not, troubled soul ; for the Lord's secret
store

Holds mercies undreamt of on thee to outpour.

Be thou no sulky sitter, though fortune fleeth
fleet ;

Though patience may be bitter, the fruit of it is
sweet.

'Twas then that with friends in a fair company
I set forth our city of Mecca to see.

When home, our long pilgrimage done, we re-
turned,

Was it still the old love in his bosom that burned,
Brought him two stages' journey his old friend to
meet,

With kindest welcome his coming to greet?

But—this crestfallen look?—and this beggar's
disguise?

He exclaimed, "You were right; wicked foes did
arise,

Whose envy accused me of disloyalty;

And the king (may he flourish!) deemed so it
might be,

HE WHO WOULD SERVE A KING

Took their false words for true without question
or trial;

And none of my friends dared to risk a denial,—
Old friendship forgotten so soon, alas, by all!

See you not how men cringe to a lord of high
place,

What a chorus of praises they chant to his face ;
But if Time trips him up, with a fall for his
pride,

How cruelly every one spurns him aside!

Durance vile, bonds and stripes were my lot, in a
word,

Till this happy week, when the tidings was heard
Of your home-coming safe from a pilgrimage
blessed ;

Then me they set free—robbed of all I possessed.”
I replied, “You would none of my words when I said
King’s service was like a sea-voyage, full of dread,
Though possibly gainful—where wealth you may
grasp,

Or’ mid buffeting billows yield life in a gasp.

You may come with an armful of pearls back to
land,

Or lifeless be hurled by the surf on the strand.”

HE WHO WOULD SERVE A KING

I in pity forbore to dishearten him more ;
For with lancet of blame to lay bare the old
 sore,
And sprinkle with salt, were unwise as unkind ;
But a couple of verses unburdened my mind—

Knew you not bonds and fetters would be your
 due meed,
If you heard without heed any word of wise
 rede ?
If you can't bear the sting and the smart, poor
 soul,
Hands away ! hands away from the scorpion's
 hole.

THE PATRON OF THE DARWESHES

THEY were my friends, sincere, devout,
At peace within, at peace without.
A prince, in place and power supreme,
Held their pure life in high esteem ;
And had a fixed allowance made,
So were their daily charges paid.
One of them wrought a deed of shame
Unworthy of the darwesh name ;
Their patron turned away his face,
And left them starving in disgrace.
I fain would find a way once more
Their forfeit pittance to restore,
And sought upon my lord to wait.
The porter thrust me from the gate
With saucy tongue. I blamed him not,
Nor these forewarning words forgot—

Without a friend in court, be found not near
The gates of prince, or Sultān, or wazīr.

THE PATRON OF THE DARWESHES

Porter and watch-dog are on the alert
To grip your collar or to tear your skirt.

When those about the prince heard tell
What treatment there to me befell,
They came to make amends complete,
And led me to an upper seat.
But modestly I chose instead
A lower place, and meekly said,
"Permit your slave, he humbly craves,
To join the circle of your slaves."
The prince himself at that cried out,
"Good heavens! what is it all about?
Chose you upon my head and eyes to sit,
You are so dear I would put up with it!"
So down I sat and joined in all
Their conversation casual,
Till mention of my young friend's slip;
And then these verses left my lip—

What fault has moved the lord of favours past
Frowns of contempt upon his slave to cast?
Ah! God alone is truly great and kind,
Sees faults, yet still our daily bread doth find.

THE PATRON OF THE DARWESHES

This pleased the prince, who there and then
Gave me their pension back again,
With all arrears of payment due.
Before I from his courts withdrew,
I thanked him for the favour shown,
And kissed the ground before the throne;
Sought pardon for my daring stroke,
And, coming out, these verses spoke:—

Since Mecca centres all their prayer,
Men leave their homes how far so e'er,
And many a league go journeying there.

With such as we are you should bear.
Those who throw stones, if trees they spare,
Spare those whose boughs of fruit are bare.

THE RICH YOUNG KING

A PRINCE (his royal father dead)
Wonderful wealth inherited,
And lavished it with open hand
On those who fought, or tilled the land.

This aloe box—no scent breathes thence ;
Burn it, 'twill smell like frankincense.
Would you be great, large gifts bestow ;
Till seed is scattered, 'twill not grow.

One of his court, unwisely wise,
Essayed his master to advise,
And said, "Kings have in ages past
With labour vast this wealth amassed,
And put it prudently away
To keep against an evil day.
Hold then your hand from blind excess ;
You know not what hard times may press,

NUSHIRWAN IN THE HUNTING FIELD

OF Nushirwan the Just a tale they tell
How on the hunting field, it once befell,
The venison roasting to a turn, at last
'Twas found they had no salt for the repast.
Off to a neighbouring village straight they sent
A slave to fetch the missing condiment.
Said Nushirwan, "The price in full be paid,
Lest an ill custom lead to raid on raid."
They said, "Of this what danger can there be?"
He made reply, "Throughout the world, I see,
From small beginnings all injustice grew.
Those who came after added more thereto,
Till now 'tis grown a monster in men's view."

Let but the king pluck for himself one fruit,
His men will tear the tree up by the root;

NUSHIRWAN IN THE HUNTING FIELD

And if he take an egg, they, seeing it,
Will seize a thousand pullets for the spit.

The cruel tyrant comes unto an end;
Not so the curses that on him descend.

THE CRUEL TAX-GATHERER

ONE who received the revenue
From ryots to the Sultan due,
Harried and spoiled their homes, the more
To swell his royal master's store.
Unmindful how our sages sing :—

Who doth the people rob and wring
To find the favour of the king,
God shall that very people call
To spoil the spoiler of them all.

The fumes of burning rue will bring
The smarting tears to painful eyes ;
But sorer tears from tyrants spring
When bruised hearts send up their sighs.

The lion is a royal beast,
The ass the lowest, last and least :

THE CRUEL TAX-GATHERER

Yet men of common sense declare,
Better an ass your load to bear,
Than lion fierce your limbs to tear.
The ass is prized, though void of sense,
Plodding with dogged diligence.
The burden-bearing ox and ass
Man's torment, man, in worth surpass.

From sundry signs the Sultan saw
There had been breaches of the law ;
The tyrant to the rack was sent,
And died beneath the punishment.

None can the master's heart retain
Unless he first the servant's gain.
Wouldst thou God's grace and favour know ;
Kindness to all His creatures show.

One who had seen in days of old
His spoliations manifold
Passed by, and witnessing his fate,
Found that whereon to meditate :—

THE CRUEL TAX-GATHERER

Not even the strong-armed, high-placed son of
power

May safely poor men's heritage devour.

You may gulp down a bone, but, once within,
'Twill rip you up and tear through flesh and skin.

WHEN THE WICKED ARE EXALTED

ONE armed with office, in an angry hour,
With all the full-blown insolence of power,
Smote with a stone a darwesh on the head.
Silent he bore the blow unmerited,
But pocketed the insult—and the stone ;
Till on a day his foe was overthrown,
And by the king was cast into a pit.
Then came the darwesh to be quits for it,
And hurled that self-same stone upon his head.
From out his depth of misery he said,
“Who then art thou, and what makes thee my foe?
Wherefore should'st thou a stone upon me throw?”
He made reply, “To you I'm not unknown ;
On such a day you smote me with this stone.”
“Ay me ; 'Tis long ago. Where hast thou been
That thee from then till now I have not seen?”
“For that,” he answered, “you have this to thank,
That I was kept in awe by your high rank.

WHEN THE WICKED ARE EXALTED

But now I see you grovelling in the dust,
It is my turn ; as meet it is and just."

Whene'er an undeserving churl to power is promoted,

The wise all interference shun,—to safer work devoted !

You have not tiger-claws like his, so be not over eager

To try your strength with every high unprincipled intriguer.

Were you to grapple with a foe whose arms are strong as steel,

Your tender wrists would bend and break, his not a pang would feel.

Best bide your time till other days shall give him to you bound ;

Then wreak your vengeance on his head, while friends come gathering round.

THE HEALING OF A KING

A KING was suffering from a foul disease,
—To tell its symptoms spare me, if you please!
The court physicians one and all agreed
They knew no remedy that should succeed,
Except the gall new taken from a man
So qualified as their description ran.
The king begged, "Find such person if you can."
A peasant boy was brought who answered true
The graphic picture the physicians drew.
The king won both the parents to consent
With lavish presents; and the kazi lent
Due legal sanction, for 'tis right to give
A subject's life-blood that the king may live.
The executioner drew forth his sword,
That by its stroke the king might be restored.
The boy looked up to heaven with smiling face.
The king growled, Sure those smiles are out of
place!

THE HEALING OF A KING

The youth replied, "Parents are wont to bless
Their children with affectionate caress;
The kazi's part is to protect the weak;
And kings grant justice when their people speak.
But me my father and my mother give
For earthly gifts, that so the king may live;
The kazi's sentence hands me o'er to die;
The king's one hope is in my butchery;
And other help is none save God most High.
To whom in earth or heaven shall I kneel?
'Gainst thee, to thee there lies my sole appeal."

The king was wrought to tenderness and ruth,
Even to tears; and, turning to the youth,
Said, "Better I should die upon my bed
Than bring destruction on a guiltless head."
Then dearly he embraced the boy and kissed,
And with abundant royal gifts dismissed.
And from that minute (so the tale doth end)
The king's disordered health began to mend.

The words of that mahout I may repeat.
Uttered beside the Nile,—the tiny ant
Feels much the same down-trodden by thy feet,
As thou beneath my trampling elephant.

AMRULAIS AND THE SLAVE

A SLAVE of Amrulaïs ran away ;
They haled him back the penalty to pay.
A hard wazir, who bore him long a grudge,
Took on himself the potent part of judge,
And gave the word that he must straightway die—
“So perish all false slaves who faithless fly!”
The slave at Amru's feet bowed low his head
Unto the ground he trod upon, and said,
“Whatever fate upon my head may light
Must needs be just, if thou adjudge it right.
'Tis for my lord his high behests to speak.
What hearing may a slave presume to seek?
Yet—I have eaten all my life thy salt,
And would not thou should'st go assoiled with fault
For my blood's sake before the Judgment Throne.
If then thou wilt that I to death be done,
Let what thou doest conform unto the law,
And stand in Allah's presence free from flaw.”

AMRULAIS AND THE SLAVE

The king asked, "How can I the law fulfil?"
He said, "Grant me this bad wazir to kill.
Then for the murder let me die the death."
Loud laughed the king, "How now, wazir? what
saith
Thy wisdom?" "Sire! by thy sire's sacred tomb
Let him go free lest direr be my doom.
The fault was mine, who rashly dared to slight
What wiser men have said, and said aright:—
If to fight with a slinger you go,
'Tis a chance that your head he may break.
Ere you wing your own shaft at the foe,
Beware lest his target you make."

A KING OF ARABY

A KING of Araby made known his pleasure—
“Double the pension from the royal treasure
Paid to this courtier. Daily he attends
My presence, and his life in service spends;
While others, on their own amusement bent,
Are to the ways of duty negligent.”
A thoughtful listener said, “Even so the ways
Of God most High—to whom be ever praise!—
For constant service wins His constant grace.”

Two mornings if a courtier come to wait upon a
king,
The third day will assuredly the royal favour bring.
So worshippers hold fast the hope, from all the
past has shown,
That helpless they will not return from Heaven's
Eternal Throne.

A KING OF ARABY

They who obey shall flourish and grow great ;
Who disobey are born unfortunate !
Who bear Heaven's mark of favour on their brow
Before the Throne in glad obedience bow.

AN OPPRESSOR OF THE POOR

A GRASPING tyrant, given to grind the poor
And by their sweating brow to gather store
Of piles of firewood, plentiful and free,
Was wont to sell it, and that generously,
To richer folk. Bitter the tears were shed !

One day a holy man looked on and said,
" Art thou a serpent with a poison sting,
Or owl that drops destruction from its wing ?
What though awhile thy violence succeed,
'Twill not escape its due deserts decreed.
Beware lest earth's long-suffering sons be driven
To draw on thee the avenging wrath of Heaven."

The tyrant heard this warning wise and strong,
But swerved no foot's breadth from his path of
wrong ;
Till on a day fierce flames of fire sped
On from his kitchen to house, barn and shed,
And left him glowing ashes for a bed.

AN OPPRESSOR OF THE POOR

It chanced that holy man passed by once more,
And heard him bitterly his loss deplore,
Wondering in what the fatal fire began.
He said, "'Twas in the inflaméd heart of man !"

Take heed of the sigh of the hearts thou hast hurt :
'Twill burst in a blast that no power can avert.
By thee be no heart into misery hurled,
For the sigh of its grief may unsettle a world.

LINES INSCRIBED ON THE CROWN OF
KING KAI KHOSRAU

How long shall man go trampling o'er my head?
—For endless ages after I am dead.
From king to king this crown has come to me,
And kings shall wear it when I cease to be.

THE WRESTLER

A WRESTLER wrestled with consummate skill
In ways enough a year of days to fill,
—Some novel throw for every day of it.
One of his pupils was his favourite,
And him he trained in all his tricks save one,
Which he deferred yet ever and anon.
This youth bore off the palm from all the rest,
And none his matchless powers might contest.
He claimed one day—in reach of royal ears—
That rendering respect from youth to years,
And reverence due to teacher from the taught,
He yielded to his master,—as he ought;
But, truth to tell, he was himself no whit
Second in strength to him, nor aught less fit.
The king liked not this speech of swaggering hue,
And bade him prove his proud pretensions true,
And there and then a vast arena near
Was for the field of championship made clear,
Set round with seats for courtier and wazir.

THE WRESTLER

On rushed the youth like a wild elephant ;
Had he so charged a hill of adamant
Instead of mortal foe of woman born,
It had been sheer from its foundation torn !
The master could not match such strength with
strength,

But fastened on his pupil now at length
With that same grip he had kept back from him.
He caught the youth off-guard, with struggling
limb

Lifted above his head and helpless flung—
And how the people gave their gladness tongue !

The king commanded and they brought a dress
Of price and honour, and a rich largesse,
And gave them to the master for reward.
But on the youth he cast reproaches hard,
And said, "Thou tak'st 'gainst him a hostile part
To whom thou owest all thou hast and art ;
And thou hast failed to make thy boasting good."
The youth replied, "Oh Sire ! my master stood
Neither by strength nor faultlessness of style ;
But, having hid one point from me by guile,
He by this trifle wrests the day from me."
And the old wrestler said, "Aye, verily !

THE WRESTLER

And I reserved it unto day like this,
For wise men say, who nothing say amiss,
Give not thyself so over to thy friend
That, should he prove a traitor in the end,
It may be altogether in his power
To turn the sweetness of thy life to sour.
Hear what a master said who suffered long
What time a pupil wrought him ruthless wrong:—

‘There is no gratitude the wide world o’er,
Or men have ceased to show it any more.
I’ve taught young bowmen all the archer’s art
—To serve at last as target for their dart.’”

A PERSIAN DIOGENES

"FAR from the madding crowd's ignoble strife"
A lowly darwesh lived a lonely life.
A king came near his hermitage, but he
Would raise nor head nor eye a king to see,
Safe in the heavenly kingdom of content,
To lower, worldly aims indifferent.
The royal dignity took quick offence,
—"What brutes they are, this brood of indigence!"
Then the wazir, "Earth's king is passing by,
Hast thou no reverence for Majesty?"
He made reply, "Bid thou the king go seek
Homage of those who would his grace bespeak;
And tell him kings are here to guard their folk,
Not peoples born to bear a kingly yoke."

Kings are but guardians of their people's right,
Though all the wealth of all the world were theirs.

A PERSIAN DIOGENES

Sheep are not for the shepherd's own delight;
Nay! he to keep his flock all danger dares.

For every man who leads a happy life,
Another's heart is broken in the strife.
Wait a few days; the earth that hides the dead
Shall eat the brain out from the scheming head.
'Twixt king and slave what difference remains,
When Fate has finished what it pre-ordains?
If one should dig up dead men's bones, no more
Could he tell which was rich and which was poor.

The monarch took the hermit's words to heart,
And said, "I would some boon to thee impart."
The darwesh answered, "Leave me then alone!"
Ere the king passed, he asked in meeker tone,
"Vouchsafe some parting words to store my mind."
"Take thou then these unto thy heart to bind:—

Riches and lands are in thy hands just now, just
now,
Soon shall these things earth's coming kings, not
thee, endow."

WHEN THE RIGHTEOUS ARE ABASED

THE power of a gentle-souled wazir
Was based on love, not founded upon fear.
He was compassionate to all mankind,
None but in him a friend in need could find.
It chanced the king's displeasure on him fell,
And he was flung into a prison cell.
The people stirred themselves for his release;
His warders for his sorrows sought surcease;
His brother nobles praised him to the king,
And won his pardon. Well may poets sing:—

To gain the hearts of friends 'twere well
Even paternal fields to sell;
For them a dinner to procure,
Heap on the fire your furniture;
Even to foes be kindness shown,
And stop a dog's mouth with a bone.

A SON OF HARÚN

A SON of Harún's in a passion outflared,
"There's an insolent fellow outside who has dared
To sully the name of my mother, the Queen!"
Turned Harún to his Court, and with accents
serene

Said, "What would you hold were a punishment fit
To mete to a man who such crimes should
commit?"

One said, "Off with his head!" One said, "Out
with his tongue!"

One said, "Exile—his wealth being first from him
wrung!"

Then Harún, "To forgive were the generous part;
But, my son, if thou hast not such grace in thy
heart,

Abuse thou his mother in like degree,—
Not more, lest the greater offender thou be,
And the balance of injury turn against thee."

A SON OF HARÚN

As type of man not him the wise would cite
Who with wild elephants would rush to fight.
But he is man, by highest evidence,
Who e'en in anger weights his words with sense.

An ill-bred churl reviled one spitefully ;
He bore it patiently and made reply,
"Friend, I am worse than aught that thou canst
say,
And I know best how oft I go astray."

HARÚN IN EGYPT

WHEN Harún ur-Rashid on the banks of the Nile
Raised his conquering standard to float for awhile,
He declared he would leave them a slave for
their king,

On that impious Pharaoh dishonour to fling
Who from pride in this Egypt assumed the god.
So he left them Khusaib, a low slave, a dull clod;
To whose court on a day came the poor fellaheen
To complain that their cotton-crops, thriving and
green,

By the rain and the floods had been clean swept
away.

And he said, "Then sow wool; I should think it
would stay."

If men had wealth proportioned to their wit,
None but the utter fool in want would sit.

HARÚN IN EGYPT

But oft the fool shall get more gifts from Heaven
Than to a hundred men of sense are given.

Fortune and wealth are not for skill to gain ;
Apart from Heaven's help, man's skill were vain.
The world oft honours men of meagre mind,
To worth and wisdom it is often blind.
In want the alchemist runs through life's measure ;
The fool unearths by chance a hoarded treasure.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

THEY asked great Alexander, King of Rúm,
"How came it written in the page of doom
That thou should'st triumph over East and West,
When earlier kings in war were not so blest,
Though theirs such wealth and realms and years
and men

As God has not vouchsafed to thee again?"
He said, "In this High Heaven hath been my
stay!

When I reduced a country to my sway,
None might the people of the land molest,
And of their kings I spake but what was best."

Wise men do not esteem him great
Who would great names depreciate.

Trifles are these, and brief their passing hour,
Fortunes and thrones, and conquests and all power.
The dead despoil not thou of their good name,
That none hereafter rob thee of thy fame.

FEAR NOT WHAT MAN MAY DO

FEAR not what man may do to mar thy peace ;
He cannot send thee pain or pain's surcease.
Both friend and foe are of God's goodness given
And human hearts but work the Will of Heaven.
So springs the wingéd arrow from the bow,
But only as the Marksman lets it go.

THE VOICE OF NATURE

EVERYTHING the eye may see
Sings the Maker's praise ;
Every heart of man is free
To listen to those lays.
The nightingale unto the rose
Hymns the eternal Name,
And every thorn's a tongue and goes
To swell the grand acclaim.

THE BRIDGE OF LIFE

FOR all who join this merry world and brave
There is no passage out but by the grave.
The world is like a bridge on Time's high-road ;
Move on, move on, it is not thine abode.
Rest not thy heart upon its structure frail,
Nor make a home where homes can naught avail.
To men of sense its short and narrow span
Is bare of treasure worth the thought of man.
Strive not to reach its riches or its rank,
For each is treacherous as a rotten plank.
Wert thou in might a match to Bahram Gor,
Helpless thou still should'st enter Death's dark door.
If eyes thou hast, see, see the open grave,
And every hour from fruitless folly save.
We one and all to one dread goal draw near,
The rich, the poor, the peasant and the peer.
Thou too, whose flaunting pride would pass me by,
Give glory to the name of God on High.

WISE MEN I LIKEN UNTO COINS OF
GOLD

WISE men I liken unto coins of gold,
Valued in all the earth.
But high-born fools as token coins I hold,
—Of merely local worth

WHEN YOU WERE BORN

WHEN you were born a little child,
Think how you cried while others smiled.
So live that, when you come to die,
You then may smile and others cry.

YON FORT

YON fort once proudly towered into the blue;
Kings at its portals rendered homage due.
Now from its ruins sounds a dove's lone *coo*,
And fondly asks *who* built it? *who, who, who?*

A HEALTH

WHILE the rose blooms in the garden,
and rose-bushes are fair ;
While the reed waves in the jungle,
and music moves the air ;
While the grape hangs on the vine stock,
and luscious grows the wine ;
While the wine glows in the goblet,
and men are glad who dine ;
May thy cup of life brim ever
with all thy spirit needs,
And may thy days outsparkle
the splendour of Jamshid's.

FROM THE DIVAN OF HAFIZ

HO, SAKI!

When nights are dark, and billows press
And angry whirlpools roar,
Can they the sailor's troubles guess
Who stay at ease ashore?

Love's labour has been lost in shame,
Since all my secret know;
I held it hid, while it became
The talk of friend and foe.

Oh, Hafiz! if you wish her near,
Why from her presence hide?
Nay, rather give up all that's dear
In all the world beside!

MY HEART, MY HEART IS OUT OF
HAND

My heart, my heart is out of hand.

What use to cry and shout?

No helping friend can I command;

My secret goeth out.

Few days are yours vouchsafed of heaven,

Gone like a tale that's told;

But rich the chance that's in them given

To help a friend of old.

I am a wrecked and foundering ship,

Oh, favouring breeze arise!

So may her brow, her cheeks, her lip

Cheer once again my eyes!

MY HEART IS OUT OF HAND

Well sang 'the nightingale last night,
While rosy wine ran pure,
"Drain off a draught at morning light,
The night's excess to cure."

What Alexander's mirror glassed
Was only glassed in wine—
Darius and whatever passed
Within his realm's confine.

O thou by Heaven's bounty blest,
One day for pity spare,
And learn what maladies molest
The hapless sons of care.

Be ever helpful to your friends,
Nor yet to foes severe;
On this all happiness depends
In the next world and here.

The path of goodness, well-a-day,
Was ne'er the path for me.
If you mislike it, find a way
To alter God's decree.

MY HEART IS OUT OF HAND

The cup that once the Súfi curst,
As mother of all sin,
Awakes in me a keener thirst
Than maiden's kiss may win.

When times are hard, then look around
For pleasure and for wine.
Such virtue in the draught is found
That Korah's wealth is thine.

Nay, not of choice doth Hafiz wear
The wine-stained robe you see.
Pray then, clean-skirted saint, forbear,
And find excuse for me.

FILL UP MY CUP WITH GLORIOUS
WINE

FILL up my cup with glorious wine,
And sing the good world 'all is mine!

Within the cup her face I see,
Oh ye who frown at wine and me!

There may her glance of love remain,
Till she herself appears again!

He dies not who's alive with love,
For so 'tis writ in Heaven above.

Because my Love hath smiles for wine,
To wine is given this soul of mine.

Come Judgment Day, the saint, I fear,
Will be no better off, though here
His daily food is lawful bread,
While mine is sinful wine instead.

FILL UP MY CUP WITH GLORIOUS WINE

Oh breeze, if you my Love go near,
Whisper this message in her ear.

Say, why take trouble to forget?
That comes with Death, who comes not yet,

Desire of thee fills all my heart.
When will kind Fortune take my part

The sky's broad sea and crescent boat
I see within my cup afloat.

Hafiz, thy every tear is shed,
Like grain on which the fowls are fed
The dove of union to bring
Within thy net's encompassing.

HIST! 'TIS THE BREATH OF MORN!

HIST! 'Tis the breath of morn!
Welcome the wakening waft!
Ho! Wine for a morning draught!
A morning draught.

Clouds in the sky above;
Frosted the tulips shine.
Ho! Fetch me a cup of wine!
A cup of wine.

Breezes of Paradise
Over my garden sweep.
Bring wine that is pure and deep,
Pure and deep.

Golden the throne of the rose,
Set for my heart to desire.
Get wine that is red like the fire,
Red like the fire.

HIST! 'TIS THE BREATH OF MORN!

Door of the wine-shop closed?

Time it was open, sure!

Ho! Haste and undo the door,

Undo the door!

Strange in a season like this,

Strange at this hour, and hard,

To find it all shut and barred,

All shut and barred.

Where is the water of life?

Where but in wine is it found?

There seek it with music around,

With music around!

But to taste life to the full,

Like Alexander Rex,

Make friends with the gentle sex,

The gentle sex!

LET OUR TALK BE OF MUSIC AND
WINE

LET our talk be of music and wine;
Leave the world and its mysteries, we!
For it passeth man's wit to divine
What the key of the riddle may be.



THE KORAN, XCIII

THE SPLENDOUR OF MORNING

By the splendour of morning's light,
And by the stillness of the night.

Thy Lord hath not forsaken thee,
Nor followed thee with hate ;
Thy future shall far better be
Than is thy present state ;
Thy Lord shall give thee, verily,
Blessings and comfort great.

Did He not find thee fatherless,
And give thee shelter meet ?
And see thee from His ways transgress,
And guide thine erring feet ?
And grant thee, poor and in distress,
Thy daily bread to eat ?

THE SPLENDOUR OF MORNING

Then take the orphan for thy ward,
God's goodness to repay ;
To him that asks, thine alms accord,
And chide him not away ;
As for the bounty of thy Lord
Tell of it day by day.

TWO TALES

BABA NANAK

TRUTH may be touched and faiths be reconciled!

On Baba Nanak, thoughtful from a child,
While yet the morning paths of life he trod,
The truth had dawned that all things are of God,
Breath of their breath and sight of all their seeing,
In Whom they live and move and have their being.
But Him, though searching long, he could not find,
Nor His divine similitude enshrined
In any faith, by any temple's lights ;
Not in the million gods whose daily rites
His Hindu kin to adoration warmed ;
Not in the faith of those fierce hordes that swarmed
From Asian uplands earth to overrun,
Proclaiming their One God, and Prophet one.
And having studied all the creeds in vain,
But eager still to search the world again,

BABA NANAK

He left his home, his friends, his means of life,
Daring in danger, strenuous in strife,
And wandered far to homes of sacred thought,
Where holiest priests and preachers might be sought,
And last to Mecca, where that Prophet taught.

One night when all men in the sultry air
Lay hushed in sleep beneath the starry glare,
He, near the Ka'aba, wearied with the day,
Flung himself down, nor noted that he lay,
He only, with his feet toward the shrine.
Soon passed a zealot wrought to frenzy fine,
Who saw, and caught his feet, and swung him
round;—

“Oh faithless and irreverent, curséd hound!
To lie feet foremost toward the House of God,”

Him Nanak answered, springing from the sod,
His quickened soul aflame with fire intense:—

“What is thy faith and what thy reverence?
Sleeps any man, on any earthly spot,
With feet turned to a place where God is not?”

So spake the Guru, so his spirit speaks
To his disciples whom men call the Sikhs,
—God is not here alone, with these or those,
But every living faith His presence knows.

THE RABBIT IN THE MOON

A Story for Children

IN England we say that we see in the Moon
The face of a man, who for naughtiness soon
Was swept from the earth in a hurricane's flight,
And set in the sky for our warning by night.
But hark to the story the little ones tell
Far off in a country called China; and well
'Twill profit to hear what they say, for it teaches
A number of truths that the clergyman preaches.

They say that they see in the Moon very plain
A rabbit, and there shall it ever remain
To show us how great is the honour bestowed
On those who do most from their hearts what is
good.

For once, long ago, when the Moon had a face
Without any picture for children to trace,

THE RABBIT IN THE MOON

A man with white hair and a beard that was
grey,

And a face wrinkled up in the funniest way,
Who grasped for support as he tottered along
A staff very thick, very ugly, but strong,
Met first, as he fared through a forest alone,
A fox, and he prayed it in piteous tone
To fetch for him something, if only some bread,
To keep soul and body together, he said.
The fox trotted off and brought back in a while
A tender young chicken, and won a glad smile
And blessing and thanks from the grateful old
man.

He next saw a hawk, and he straightway began
To beg from it too; so the hawk flew away
And returned in a trice heavy laden with prey,
A plump turtle-dove for a brother in need;
And found their reward who the hungry ones
feed.

And still as he went on his way through the
wood

He came on a rabbit; a-tremble it stood

THE RABBIT IN THE MOON

While he begged of it something to help him to
live.

The poor little rabbit said, "What can I give?
My store is so poor. And oh, what can I do?
For I am so little and helpless, and who
Will heed if I plead?" But the traveller still
Besought and implored and entreated, until
The rabbit thought, "One thing there is I can do!"
It gathered together from every side quick
The sticks and dry leaves till an altar up-grew;
And then it rubbed hard with two pieces of stick,
And kindled a flame and a furious fire,
And jumped in itself in its heart's one desire
To give what it could to the famishing man.
"If not what I would, I will do what I can!"

But Hey, Presto, Quick! as the fairy-tales say,
And what has become of that traveller grey?
A shining immortal appears in his stead,
Who rescues the rabbit from flames flaring red,
And brings it to life from the deadliest swoon.
And the aged man
Was God from His heaven to mortals come
down

THE RABBIT IN THE MOON

To find of His creatures the one that was best ;
That he should be honoured above all the rest
And placed before all of the heavenly host
To shine in the Moon, who should give up the
most
To show his devotion to Him and His will.
And lo ! in the Moon, there the rabbit is still !

The worth of a gift in the wisest of eyes
Is not in its cost or its weight or its size.
Who doeth his best without thought of reward
Ranks first in the favour and grace of the Lord.
And all who are kind to the least whom they
see
Shall hear to their joy, "Ye have done it to Me."

FROM THE WEST

FOREWORD

WHAT maketh glad, or grieveth sore,
Is somehow new, and somehow old.
Fragments of earth's primeval ore
Become to-day's new-gotten gold.

Thought is the substance of all wealth;
Proof of my being—*cogito*.
Hearts have no illness and no health,
But only thinking makes it so.

Thoughts set to words long years ago
Roll round the world their music still
In tune with human weal or woe;
—And mine I make them, as I will.

FOREWORD

But I must speak them in my speech,
When in my heart I hear them cry.
Enough if so the echoes reach
Some one who will not let them die.

FROM THE GERMAN

THERE REMAINETH A REST

Ueber allen Gipfeln

ALL the mountains over,
How still !
Here you discover
Note nor trill—
Scarcely a breath !
The birds are hushed in the forest ;
Wait awhile,—your rest,
Too, remaineth.

YE HEAVENLY POWERS!

Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass

WHO hath not eaten bread of tears,
Nor weeping sat the night-long hours
Upon his bed, with griefs and fears,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers!

Unasked ye drive us into life,
And set us on sin's slippery way;
Then draw ye the avenging knife—
Vengeance is yours, ye will repay!

NEW LOVE, NEW LIFE

Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben?

WHAT, my Heart, means this misgiving?

What is stirring thee so sore?

Strange and new the life thou'rt living,

Ah, I know thee now no more!

Lost the loves that once were dearest,

Lost the cares that came the nearest,

High aims lost and sweet heart's ease;

Say, why hast thou banished these?

Hast thou yielded full surrender

To this phantom of delight,

Mingling glances deep and tender

With attraction infinite?

Would I quit this love and wooing,

Be a man, and up and doing,

NEW LOVE, NEW LIFE

Every pathway that I tread
Leads me back discomfited.

With a thread I cannot sunder
Magically round me cast,
Lost to Will and lost in wonder
I am by this maid held fast ;
Caught within her charmed bower
And submissive to her power.
Ah, how great my overthrow !
Love, oh Love, pray let me go !

A KING OF MEN

Hast du, Glücklicher, nie den schützenden Engel verloren ?

HAST thou, oh fortunate man, never lost thy
guardian angel,

Forfeited never the light lent as a lamp to thy
feet ;

Still does Truth shine pure in the depth of thine
eye unclouded,

And does her call still sound clear in thy innocent
breast ;

Keeps the disturber, Doubt, strict silence amid
thy contentment,

And will he verily keep silence for ever as now ;
Will thy senses at war never need some Judge to
control them,

Never an evil heart darken thy vision serene ?
Oh, then, go on thy way in all thy innocence
joyous !

A KING OF MEN

Science can teach thee naught, rather of thee let
her learn!

Not for thee is the rod of the Law which drives
the unwilling;

What thou doest is Law; all that thou pleasest
to do

Goes to the whole world forth as a sovereign
message of Power;

Deeds of thy hands are divine, speech of thy lips
is of God,

These must move with might the astonished sense
of the people;

Thou only seest not the God who in thy bosom
is throned,

Mark'st not the power of the seal which bows all
spirits before thee;

Quiet thou goest thy way on though a vanquished
world.

LOVE AND DEATH

Wohl endet Tod des Lebens Noth

DEATH endeth well the ills of Life,
And yet Life, shuddering, shrinks from Death ;
Life sees the shadowy hand outstretched,
Not the bright cup it offereth.
So shuddering shrinks the heart from Love,
As if it breathed Destruction's breath ;
For where Love wakens, there the Self,
The soul's dark tyrant, perisheth.
Then let him perish now this night,
And wake thou free come morning light.

MOUNTAIN IDYLLS

ON THE MOUNTAIN STANDS A
COTTAGE

Auf dem Berge steht die Hütte

ON the mountain stands a cottage,
Where an agéd hillman lives;
By it the green fir-tree rustles,
And the moon its glitter gives.

In the cottage is an armchair,
Rarely carved in days gone by;
He who sits on it is happy
And that happy one am I!

On the footstool sits a maiden,
Rests her arms upon my knee;
Eyes like two blue stars for brightness,
Rosebud lips as sweet may be.

ON THE MOUNTAIN

And her starry eyes, wide open,
Fix on me their steadfast gaze ;
Roguishly a lily finger
On the rosebud lips she lays.

No! the mother cannot see us,
She is spinning might and main ;
And the father plays his zither
While he sings his old refrain.

And the little maid speaks softly,
With low whispers manifold ;
Many a dear and precious secret
Hath she me already told.

" Since our aunt was taken from us
We can go off now no more
To the shooting-yard at Goslar ;
Oh! it's lovely there, I'm sure!

" But up here it is so lonesome,
And so cold the winds that blow ;
And we are, right through the winter,
Just like buried in the snow.

HARK, THE FIR-TREE WITH GREEN
FINGERS

Tannenbaum mit grünen Fingern

HARK! the fir-tree with green fingers
Taps upon the window panes,
While the Moon, with shining lantern
Turned on us, his watch maintains.

Father, mother, in their chamber,
With light snores the stillness break,
But we two together talking
Keep ourselves for hours awake.

"That thou art much given to praying
That I hardly can believe,
For that twitching lip could never
Come from praying morn and eve.

HARK, THE FIR-TREE

"That cold-hearted wicked twitching
Always gives my heart a fright,
Till I find and feel the comfort
Of thy kind eyes' gentle light.

"And I doubt if thou believest
What our faith requireth most.
Dost believe in God the Father,
And the Son and Holy Ghost?"

"Ah, my child, while yet a youngster
Sitting on my mother's knee,
I believed in God the Father,
—Great and good and wise is He!

"He the goodly earth created,
And its good folk every one;
He to Suns and Moons and Planets
Set the courses they should run.

"When I bigger grew, my lassie,
And to sense and reason won,
With a larger understanding
I believ'd in the Son;

HARK, THE FIR-TREE

"The belovéd Son, who loved us,
And revealed God's love—and died,
Being for reward, as usual,
By the people crucified.

"Now grown up, much read, much travelled
Over hill and plain and coast,
With a heart that swells within me
I believe in the Holy Ghost.

'He hath wrought the greatest wonders,
Greater shall He work again :
He threw down the tyrant's stronghold,
And He burst the bondsman's chain.

"Old and cruel wounds He healeth,
Righteth wrong of pride and place ;
Men with Him are all born equal,
Brothers of one noble race.

"He drives off the mists of evil,
And that melancholy sprite
Who would spoil our love and pleasure,
Grinning at us day and night.

WITH GREEN FINGERS

"Hosts of soldiers, armed and ready,
Hath the Holy Ghost at call,
His high purpose to accomplish;
And great hearts He gives them all.

"And their burnished broadswords glitter,
And their banners flutter free.
Wouldst thou verily, dear lassie,
Such a glorious soldier see?

"Look then straight at me and kiss me,
For I make no idle boast;
Lo! I am myself a chosen
Soldier of the Holy Ghost."

THERE, OUTSIDE, THE MOON STILL
LINGERS

Still versteckt der Mond sich draussen

THERE, outside, the moon still lingers,
Shining through the green fir-tree ;
Here, within, the flickering firelight
Burns so low we scarce can see.

But my two blue stars are shedding
All the light my spirit seeks,
And the rosebud lips are glowing
As the little maiden speaks.

"Tiny people, goblin creatures,
Carry off our bread and bacon ;
Overnight it's put by safely,
But by morning it is taken.

THE MOON STILL LINGERS

"And they come and sip the cream off
From our milk; they know what's best!
But they leave the dish uncovered,
And the cat drinks up the rest.

"Oh, the cat's a witch, that's certain!
Creeping in night's stormy hour
Up there to the haunted mountain
And the ruins of the tower.

"There once stood a stately castle,
Bright with arms and young romance,
Knights and dames and youths and maidens
Whirled round in the torchlight dance.

"But the castle and the people,
Curséd by a wicked witch,
Fell into a heap of ruins,
For the owl a nesting niche.

"Yet our sainted aunt has told us,
If you speak the proper word,
At the proper place and moment
For your wishes to be heard,

THERE, OUTSIDE,

"Straight a change comes o'er the ruins ;
There the castle stands again,
With the dance and merry music,
And the gay and gallant train.

"And whoso the word has spoken,
His the castle with its crowd ;
Drums and trumpets high acclaim him,
Sound his praises long and loud !"

Such the simple fairy stories
Which the rosebud lips recite,
With the eyes above them beaming,
Bathed in blue and starry light.

Then she wraps her golden ringlets
Round my hands at her sweet will,
Gives pet names to all my fingers,
Laughs and kisses—and is still.

Suddenly the quiet chamber
Takes on a familiar air,
Looks as though I had beheld it
All before, but when?—and where?

THE MOON STILL LINGERS

And the homely clock keeps ticking,
And faint zither echoes seem
Of themselves to play around us,
And it all is like a dream.

This, then, is the very moment
And this is the very place,
And my lips are surely uttering
Now that very word of grace.

Dost thou see the dim light breaking?
Dost thou feel the midnight quake?
Brook and fir-tree rush and rustle,
And the ancient mountain wake?

Zither music, fairy singing,
Rise from out the rocky rifts,
And the place is thick with flowers,
As when springtime giveth gifts.

Brave rare flowers, and leaves balm-laden,
Potent as some fabled word,
Fragrant, many-hued and quivering,
As with secret passion stirred.

OUTSIDE THE MOON STILL LINGERS

Roses red like flames of fire
Flash upon the wondering eye ;
Lilies like to crystal pillars
Shoot up to a crystal sky.

There the stars, like suns at noon-day,
Bend their longing looks below,
Fill the lily's giant chalice
With their glittering overflow.

But we two, thou dearest maiden,
Most are changed and glorified ;
Torchlights, gold and satin shimmer
Splendidly on every side.

Thou art Princess now, the cottage
Turned to castle once again,
With the merry rout and dancing,
Knights and dames and youthful train.

As for me, I have and hold thee,
And the castle and its throng ;
Drums and trumpets high acclaim me,
Sound my praises loud and long !

THOU HAPPY SHEPHERD BOY

König ist der Hirtenknabe

OH, the shepherd boy's a monarch,
With the green hill for his throne
And the golden Sun to crown him
With a glory of his own.

At his feet the sheep, his courtiers,
Fall, the red cross on their side;
And the calves are cavaliers who
Prance about in full-blown pride.

See the kids, his own court-actors;
Hear the birds and kine that bring
With their fluting, with their tinkling
Music worthy of a king.

THOU HAPPY SHEPHERD BOY

And their music falls full sweetly ;
And, in sweet accord with these,
Sounds of waterfall and fir-tree ;
And they lull the king to ease.

Then his minister comes forward
—'Tis the shepherd's faithful hound ;
And his snarling and his barking
Wake the echoes all around.

Drowsily the young king murmurs,
"What a weight we monarchs bear !
Would I were safe home and resting
With my Queen, left lonely there !

"In her arms alone is comfort
That my royal brow may cheer,
In her eyes' blue depth a kingdom
Measureless and rich and dear !"

ON THE BROCKEN

Heller wird es schon im Osten

CLEARER shows the sky to eastward
In the day's first feeble glimmer;
And white clouds lie like an ocean
Where each peak rides like a swimmer.

If I had but seven-league boots on,
Faster than the wind I'd travel,
Step from yonder furthest hill-top
To the dear child's garden gravel.

To her couch I would step softly,
Gently draw aside the curtain,
Very gently kiss her forehead,
Nor forget her lips, that's certain!

ON THE BROCKEN

Gentlier in her ear I'd whisper,
For a morning inspiration,
"Dream we love, and find in loving
Life's abiding consolation."

ON THE HARDENBERG

Steiget auf, ihr alten Traume !

RISE once more, ye old-world visions !
Open wide, my heart, thy door !
Song and gladness, tears and sadness,
Live the life they lived before

Through the fir-trees will I ramble,
Where the happy fountain springs,
Where in pride the deer go wandering,
Where the darling throstle sings.

Up the mountain let me clamber,
Up the steep and rocky height,
Where the grey old castle ruins
Stand up in the morning light ;

ON THE HARDENBERG

There to sit me down and ponder
Things the sun once looked upon,
Great and flourishing old peoples,
Earthly glory past and gone.

Grass grows o'er the place of tourney
Where once fought a noble knight,
Who, right worthy foes subduing,
Won the guerdon of the fight.

Ivy covers the balcony
Where a lovely lady stood,
Who the conqueror, the subduer,
With her glances then subdued.

Ah! those conquerors, knight and lady,
Fell before Death's conquering hand—
Aye, that withered scythe-armed warrior
Levels all men with the sand.

THE LORELEI

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten

I WONDER what can it betoken
That I should be so sad ;
A voice from the past has spoken ;
—I have no heart to be glad.

The air is cool, it is darkling,
The Rhine's deep waters flow.
The hill overhead is sparkling
In evening's sunset glow.

The fairest maid is reclining
In golden glory there,
Her gold-wrought robe is shining,
She combs her golden hair.

THE LORELEI

She combs with a comb that is golden,
And sings a song so sweet,
The charm of the melody olden
Brings men unto her feet.

The fisherman, spent with rowing,
Is caught by the magic spell,
He looks not where he is going,
He sees but the damosel.

I tell you the waters swallow
The boatman at last and the boat;
And these are the woes that follow
The Lorelei's gay note.

A SEQUENCE OF SONGS

TWAS IN THE LOVELY MONTH OF
MAY

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

'Twas in the lovely month of May,
When all the buds were bursting,
Came love and breathed my heart full
Of hungering and thirsting.

'Twas in the lovely month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
I told her how I wanted
Her arms about me clinging.

WHERE FALL MY TEARS

Aus meinen Thränen spriessen

WHERE fall my tears shall flowers
 Burst into bloom ere long,
And all my sighings turn to
 A nightingale's glad song.

And if I am dear to thee, dearest,
 Thine, thine are those flowers frail;
And in at thy window I'll sing thee
 The song of the nightingale.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY, THE DOVE
AND THE SUN

Die Rose, die Lilje, die Taube, die Sonne

THE rose and the lily, the dove and the sun,
I loved them in Love's young dream once every
one.

I love them no longer ; I now love alone
My dear little beautiful, innocent own.
Herself is, now Love's joyous day has begun,
My rose and my lily, my dove and my sun.

WHEN DEEP I LOOK INTO THINE
EYES

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

WHEN deep I look into thine eyes,
Far, far away my trouble flies;
When on thy lips a kiss I press,
There's health, there's life in the caress!

And when I lean upon thy breast,
Then Earth is at its heavenliest;
But when thou say'st "I love thee true,"
To weep is all that I can do.

THY FACE SO DEAR

Dein Angesicht, so lieb und schön

THY face so dear and all so fair,
Seen in my dreams and visions rare,
Looks now so gentle and divine,
But oh ! how pale, poor heart of mine !

The lips alone are bright and red,
But Death shall kiss them pale—and dead ;
And Heaven's effulgent light shall fade
From those bright eyes, thou heavenly maid !

COME LEAN THY CHEEK AGAINST MY
CHEEK

Lehn deine Wang' an meine Wang'

COME lean thy cheek against my cheek,
Thy tears with mine to mingle;
And to my heart press close thy heart—
Letting two flames burn single.

And when the torrent of our tears
Falls on that quenchless fire,
Fast holding thee, † faint before
Love's infinite desire.

WHEN I FROM MY DARLING PARTED

Seit die Liebste war entfernt

WHEN I from my darling parted,
How to laugh I quite forgot ;
Jests might touch the shallow-hearted,
Laugh I verily could not.

Since I lost her with heart-aching,
There has been no weeping here ;
Grief nigh fills my heart to breaking,
But I cannot weep a tear.

FROM TROUBLES PASSING MEASURE

Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen

FROM troubles passing measure
My little songs come springing ;
They flutter and, heavenward winging,
They float on at their sweet pleasure.

They found her, they found my dear one,
But back to me bear only sorrow.
If aught of her secrets they borrow,
They never let me hear one.

A SONG OF SPRING

Leise zicht durch mein Gemuth

GENTLY in my heart the Spring
Sings the pretty ring-time ;
Out into the wide world ring,
Little song of Spring-time ,

On to yonder garden close,
Many a flower meeting ;
If thou seest there a rose,
Say I send her greeting.

THOU'RT LIKE A FLOWER OF BEAUTY

Du bist wie eine Blume

THOU'RT like a flower of beauty,
Of innocence and grace ;
There comes a sadness through me,
When I behold thy face.

I fain would lay my hands, dear,
Upon thy head in prayer,
That God may keep thee graceful
And innocent and fair.

BE NOT FAINT, MY HEART, WITH
SORROW

Herz, mein Herz, sei nicht beklommen

BE not faint, my Heart, with sorrow ;
Take the evil with the good !
What though Winter's breath be rude,
Spring is coming back to-morrow !

Count not all as lost, nor nearly ;
There's a world of beauty still ;
And, my Heart, love what you will,
Love it all, and love it dearly.

EAR CHILD, IT IS NOT VERY LONG

Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder

DEAR child, it is not very long

Since we, two children full of play,
Crept to the hen-house, where among
The straw we hid ourselves away.

We crowed like cocks to see the sun,
And when the people passing heard
Our "Cock-a-doodle-doo," what fun !
They thought it was indeed a bird !

A chest that in our court-yard lay
We decorated in and out ;
And lived within it day by day
—A mansion to be proud about !

A neighbour's cat would often call
Upon us, to our great content,
Whom we received with bows and all
Our ready store of compliment.

DEAR CHILD, IT IS NOT VERY LONG

We asked in eager friendliness

After her health, and this and that ;
And since that time, I must confess,
We've asked the same of many a cat.

And sitting there we often spoke
With wisdom that seemed quite sublime,
And mourned, as did the older folk,
All the sad changes of our time ;

How Love and Truth, this many a year,
And Faith had vanished from the earth :
And how the coffee was so dear,
And then of money what a dearth !—

Our child's play now has passed away,
With everything we prized in youth ;
And gold *is* scarce in the world's decay,
And Faith *is* gone, and Love, and Truth.

CRADLE FAIR OF ALL MY SORROW

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden

CRADLE fair of all my sorrow,
Lovely tomb where joy lies dead,
We, fair town, must share no morrow,
Fare thee well—the word is said.

Fare thee well, whose every place is
Sacred to her fairy feet,
Holy spot, where first her graces
Drew me into bondage sweet.

Had my eyes but seen thee never,
Empress of my heart and me!
Could I then have suffered ever
All this weight of misery?

CRADLE FAIR OF ALL MY SORROW

Ne'er a thought had I to win thee,
Love's dear wish was unexpressed,
But one hope I harboured in thee
—Here within thy smile to rest.

Yet thou driv'st me hence unfeeling,
Bitter words thy lips outpour,
Madness o'er my mind is stealing,
And my heart is sick and sore.

And, with feeble limbs, a weeping,
Weary pilgrimage I brave,
Till my tired head lie sleeping
In a cold and distant grave.

THE STARS OF THE NIGHT

Und die Sonne machte den weiten Ritt

THE Sun rode off on his far, far ride
Round the world,
And the little stars begged to go by his side
Round the world;
But the Sun, he scolded: "At home you must stay,
I should burn your golden eyes away
In my fiery ride round the world."

So the stars went then to the gentle Moon
In the night,
And they said: "Oh thou with the clouds for thy
throne
In the night,
Let us wander with thee, for thy tender ray
Will never our golden eyes burn away."
And she took them, companions by night.

THE STARS OF THE NIGHT

Now welcome, ye stars and thou gentle Moon,

In the night!

Ye can tell what dwells in the heart o' one

In the night!

Come and light up your heavenly lamps anew,

That I joyous may come out and play with you

In your friendly games of the night.

MY HEART

Zwei Kammern hat das Herz

IN two little rooms
My heart divides.
Joy, wide awake,
In one resides,
While slumbering Sorrow in the other hides.

Oh, Joy! sing gently
In thy glee,
Lest Sorrow wake
Through hearing thee.

WHAT IS LOVE?

And when is Love the richest?

“Leave lovers’ gifts to say.”

Once more, say how Love speaketh.

“Speechless it *loves* alway.”

SPEAK NO ANGRY WORD

O lieb' so lang du lieben kannst

OH, love as long as love you can,
Oh, love as long as love you may !
Or live to mourn a once-loved man
Beside his grave some day, some day !

And see you keep your heart aglow,
And treasure love all else above,
Long as another heart you know
That beats responsive to your love.

Who opens all his heart to you,
Oh, love him with your utmost power !
Brighten each day life's journey through,
Nor vex his soul a single hour !

SPEAK NO ANGRY WORD

Beware your tongue's sharp discontent,
For angry words are quickly said!
Oh God! 'twas not unkindly meant,
But *he* is gone—uncomforted!

Oh, love as long as love you can,
Oh, love as long as love you may;
Or mourn a lost and loving man
Beside his grave some day, some day!

Down will you kneel there in the grass,
Yours then the grief and yours the pain;
There will you hide wet eyes—alas!
They ne'er shall look on him again—

And cry, "Look down upon me here,
Who at thy grave in tears repent;
Forgive me that I vexed thee, dear;
Oh God, 'twas not unkindly meant!"

But he nor sees nor hears, ah no!
Nor comes to meet a fond embrace;
His lips say not, "I long ago
Forgave you, kisses sealed the grace!"

SPEAK NO ANGRY WORD

He did forgive, unheard or heard,
And yet those burning tears descend
About you and your bitter word ;
While his—the silence of the end.

Oh, love as long as love you can,
Oh, love as long as love you may !
Or you shall mourn a dear dead man
Beside his grave some day, some day !

PARTED

Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden

WHEN two hearts fall asunder
That once were one in love,
It is the saddest wonder
Earth knows, or Heaven above.
The word rings out full sad and sore,
Goodbye, goodbye for evermore!
When two hearts fall asunder
That once were one in love.

When first the thought flashed through me
That ever love might die,
The world turned ashes to me
And sunless grew the sky.
The word rang out as ne'er before,
Goodbye, goodbye for evermore!
When first the thought flashed through me
That ever love might die.

PARTED

Not Spring, no! Autumn this is,
And well my heart knows why.
The lips that gave me kisses
Have put their sweetness by.
The word rings out that all is o'er,
Goodbye, goodbye for evermore!
Not Spring, no! Autumn this is,
And well my heart knows why.

GONE !

Jetzt ist er hinaus in die weite Welt

Now is he off to the wide, wide world,
And has bid me no kind goodbye.
Thou cheerful singer in forest and field,
Thou bright and strong, my sun and shield,
When wilt thou revisit my sky?

Scarce had I looked at his wondrous eyes,
When the dream too suddenly vanished.
Oh Love, why bring'st thou poor mortals so
near?
Oh Love, why tendest that flame so dear,
If so soon and so sadly 'tis banished?

GONE

Where now is he gone? The world is so wide,
With temptations and dangers so many;
Perhaps he has gone to some distant land,
Where the women are all so false and grand;
Oh, may Heaven preserve him from any!

SUBMISSION

Und wollten sie mein Aug' auch blenden

WERE you to blind these eyes of mine,
Would the sun cease to shed his light?
Were mine some dungeon's dark confine,
Would freedom forthwith die outright?

And if you were my hand to bind,
Because my pen smites like a sword,
Such other hands such pens would find,
While one heart beats to serve the Lord.

And though to Darkness' deep abyss
My word, God-whispered, were cast out,
That one word Earth would never miss,
While thousand-throated thunders shout.

SUBMISSION

Nor will henceforth the Spring-time wane,
With sap and vigour, light and song,
Because your ruthless hand has slain
One nightingale of all her throng !

ALONE

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan

FIRST sense of pain hast thou to me imparted,
But thou dost sleep
—The blow once dealt, else true and tender-
hearted!—¹
Death's slumber deep.

My heart deserted sees a world ahead
Empty and drear,
Loved have I and *have* lived, and now am dead
To all things here.

I shrink within my inmost solitude,
Shut to my doors;
There find I thee and all my vanished good,
My world once more.

¹ *Oh hard and cruel-hearted!* is nearer to what Chamisso wrote.

EVENING FANCIES

Alles stille! Nur zuweilen

ALL is still! No sound beside
The wayward whisper of the tide,
And flung from heaven's cleft clouds afar
The mystic greeting of a star.

Stealthily the evening breeze
Moves among the willow trees,
Like unto a deep drawn sigh,
Like a faintly breathed goodbye.

Forms by fancy fashioned rise,
Rise and fall before my eyes;
When I greet them through my tears,
See! they wave me answering cheers.

EVENING FANCIES

Then they smile, and off they go,
Whence or whither none may know.
All is still ! No sound beside
The whisper of the wayward tide.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN

Die reinen Frauen stehn im Leben

GOOD women touch man's life with joy,
As roses light a dark-leaved tree ;
On all that doth their thoughts employ
Rests the fine bloom of purity.

Their blameless world is calm and whole,
And sweetly doth in all suffice ;
A glance into a woman's soul
Is like a glimpse of Paradise.

Oh, hear and heed when prophets preach,
Do honour to the might of man,
Follow the master minds that teach
The utmost art and science can !

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN

Yet for the highest here below,
Of heaven our home the hallowed trace,
Peace, beauty, poetry—ah go
And read these in a woman's face

SONG BEFORE BATTLE

Morgenroth

DAYBREAK red,
Ere day dies shall I lie dead?
Soon the bugles will be sounding,
Then we pass from life's surrounding,
I and many a comrade too!

Scarce we guessed
For life's joy this rude arrest!
Yesterday on proud steed prancing,
This day shot down while advancing,
Cold to-morrow in the grave!

With what haste
Health and beauty are effaced!

SONG BEFORE BATTLE

We may dream with fond affection
Of a rosy rare complexion—
Ah, all roses fade away!

Therefore I
Humbly with God's will comply!
Now will I right bravely bear me,
And should Death this day not spare me
There shall fall a soldier true!

THE WANDERER

Ich komme vom Gebirge her

RESTLESS from the hills I roam
Through vales of mist to seas of foam ;
I wander on with many a care,
My sighs forever ask me where.

The sun beams on me here so cold,
The bloom how faded, life how old,
And all their talk an empty sound
To me, a stranger homeward-bound.

Where art thou, my beloved Land !
Sought and desired, but ne'er at hand !
The Land, the Land so bright with hope,
Where my own flowers their petals ope.

THE WANDERER

Where friends of mine rejoice to tread,
And where arise again my dead,
Land where my mother tongue is heard,
My Land! where art thou?

I wander on with many a care,
My sighs forever whisper "Where?"
I hear the breath of an answering sprite,
"There, where thou art *not*, is delight."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Drei Könige wandern aus Morgenland

THREE kings fare forth from Morning Land
His star their guide to Jordan's strand.
In Judah the quest of the royal three
Is the spot where the new-born King may be.
Frankincense, myrrh, and gold they bring
To give to the Child as an offering.

Before them brightly shines His star,
Till now in the stable the three kings are.
And glad they see the young child there,
And meek they bow their heads in prayer.
Frankincense, myrrh, and gold they bring,
And give to the Child as an offering.

O child of man! Tread firm and true!
The kings fare forth, fare with them too!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

The star of Love, the star of Grace,
Light thee and lead thee to His face !
And failing incense, myrrh, and gold,
Give Him whatever thy heart doth hold
Give Him thy heart !

FRET NOT THYSELF

Lass dich nur nichts dauren

FRET not thyself, nor mourn
With heart forlorn ;
 Be still!
What God hath sent
Take thou, content,
 My Will!

Why waste to-day in sorrow
For a to-morrow
 Of woe?
Who gave thy cares
Gives others theirs
 Also.

FRET NOT THYSELF

Be then, in life's concerns,
From restless turns

At rest.

God hath decreed !

Therefore indeed

'Tis best.

THIS OR THAT

Nord oder Sud!

SUNSHINE be it or snow!
If in the happy breast
The beautiful is loved, and if the best
Of heavenly gifts the heavens bestow,
No northern blast that breast shall ever freeze,
No south wind's whisper lull to deadly ease.
 Sunshine be it or snow,
 If but the soul's aglow!

 In town or country wide!
So that the glad eye sees
Some glimpse of heaven, some shade of sheltering
 trees
From summer's burning sun to hide.
Unto no place has happiness been bound,
And bliss for none save in the heart is found.

THIS OR THAT

In town or country wide ;
The world's a toy outside !

Or rich or "poor enow" !
Whate'er the fruit may be
We gather each from life's unequal tree,
From scanty twig or laden bough.
My frugal fare may yet to me be sweet,
Our relish must the taste of all things mete.
Or rich or "poor enow,"
If peace our life endow !

Or rosy faced or pale !
If but the pallid cheek
Of love and longing, hope and pity speak,
Comfort and help when others ail !
The flow of soul is not a flow of blood,
It sparkles in the eye where sunbeams flood.
Or rosy faced or pale,
If bright eyes do not fail !

Or young in years or old !
Why vex at Time that flies ?
The soul is free, grey hair a pack of lies ;
Mine too is whitening, behold !

THIS OR THAT

Welcome, my locks, Time's silvery touch ;
It shames thee not, but honours much,
Or young in years or old,
If first in death we're cold !

Aye, sleep be it or death !
Twin brothers, hear us call !
The day is done : come, let the curtain fall ;
Earth's joy and pain—a passing breath ;
Too short our day, our life too swiftly passed ;
Why, why so fair, if longer not to last ?
Aye, sleep be it or death !
Bide what morn promiseth !

THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER

Es zogen drei Bursche wohl über den Rhein

ONE sings that from over the Rhine students three
Turned into mine hostess's hostelry.

"Ho! hostess, a draught of good beer and wine,
And a glimpse of that loveliest daughter of thine!"

"My wine and my beer are good and clear,
But ah! for the death of my daughter dear."

And into the chamber of death they stept,
Where the maiden the sleep of eternity slept.

The first—the veil from her face he took,
And gazed on her long with sorrowing look;

THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER

"Oh, wert thou still living, thou lovely maid,
Thy lover were I from this moment!" he said.

The second put back the covering shroud,
And turned him away, and wept aloud:

"Alas, that thou liest low on thy bier,
For truly, I've loved thee this many a year!"

The third once more uplifted the veil,
And eagerly kissed those lips so pale:

"I always have loved thee, I love thee now,
And shall love thee for ever and ever, I vow."

FROM THE FRENCH

A MEADOW FLOWER

Fleur des champs, brune moissonneuse

A REAPER she, a meadow flower,
She loved the farmer's son ;
But woe for her, she had no dower,
Or save her heart had none.
She wept and wept ; the farmer said
"Come, reap this field for me ;
If in three days 'tis done, I'll wed
My son and heir to thee."

The simple tale and sad
Is but a lover's song ;
The story once I had
Straight from a reaper's tongue.

Half dead at first she well might be
For love and for delight,

A MEADOW FLOWER

But seized her sickle instantly,
And toiled by day and night.
And when her strength began to fade,
She drove away despair,
And summoned courage to her aid
By fervency of prayer.

The simple tale and sad
Is but a lover's song ;
The story once I had
Straight from a reaper's tongue.

A little daisy caught her eye,
Right in her course it lay ;
"Poor little daisy, you must die,
This price for love I pay."
But as it fell, the artless bud
To harmless heart appealed ;
Her tears came bursting in a flood,
Flower she, too, of the field.

The simple tale and sad
Is but a lover's song ;
The story once I had
Straight from a reaper's tongue.

A MEADOW FLOWER

Three days pass by, and down the dale
Again the farmer hies ;
Breathless the maiden is and pale,
But joy is in her eyes.
“I did but jest, my child,” he said,
“Here, take these shillings ten.”
That night another flower lay dead ;
Ah, cruelty of men !

’Tis a lover’s story
They tell you as they reap ;
Every maid who sings it
Must for pity weep.

DIEU EST TOUJOURS LÀ

Quand l'été vient, le pauvre adore

THE poorest are to adoration drawn
In summer, fairest season of the four ;
The air is warm, and sweet the breath of dawn,
The summer is God's smile on earth once more.

If the poor orphan then from sleep awakes,
And roofless, motherless, yet breathes a prayer,
A still small voice his spirit overtakes—
“ My blue sky o'er thee, come and wander there.

“ Thy father and thy mother I have known,
Both in their good and in their evil days ;
To them life's dark and bitter side was shown,
But I dealt tenderly with them always.”

DIEU EST TOUJOURS LÀ

I planted on their lowly sepulchre
That herb whose charm protects from dangers
wild ;

'Tis Nature asks thee out to play with her,
Who was their mother—come to me, my child !

“Yes, come and share my golden fruit and roses,
And let me fill with them thy tiny lap ;
And the good things my heart for thee proposes
May win from thee an answering smile, mayhap.

“How gladly would I see thee smile at play,
Poor child, so sad, and yet so fair thy bloom.
Ah! then I'd hasten with the news away,
And tell it to thy mother in her tomb.”

The child who listens to that soothing voice,
Forgetful of life's heavy weight of ills,
Dreams a day-dream that makes his heart rejoice,
And off he runs to woods and dells and hills.

And when the peaceful shades of night return,
No angry hostess scowls to let him in ;
The stars above so beautifully burn,
He sinks to sleep beneath their ray serene.

DIEU EST TOUJOURS LA

Oh! in thy sleep may nothing thee distress!

God will be near thee when thy sleep is done!

The moon that rises o'er thee will caress

Thee softly, and more gently than the sun.

For she has surer, deeper truce to give

To all our toiling and to all our woe;

She makes the dear delights of dreams to live,

He can but make earth's passing flowers blow.

TIME'S RAVAGES

Marquise, si mon visage

LADY, if life's pilgrimage
 Leave upon my face some traces,
Pray reflect that at my age
 You will scarce keep all your graces.

All our fairest gifts Time chooses
 To destroy, as he knows how ;
He will wither up your roses
 As he wrinkles now my brow.

The same planets in their courses
 Shape your days that fashioned mine ;
Mine were once youth's fire and forces,
 Yours shall yet be life's decline.

TIME'S RAVAGES

Still I stand possessed of charms
That are brilliant enough
To endure 'mid Time's alarms
And rude ravages and rough.

You have some that men adore ;
Maybe mine that you despise
Will have life and virtue more
When your last exhausted dies.

They may even save the glory
Of those eyes that look so sweet,
And long hence repeat the story
Of their charm, as seems *me* meet.

If the coming ages spare
Me, perchance, a little credit,
You may rank with them as fair,
Lady, in that I have said it.

Then, my lady, have a care !
Though a grey-beard be a guy,
It were well to speak him fair
If he wield such power as I.

FROM THE GREEK

IN PRAISE OF HOMER

HE always talks too long, howe'er his words be
few,

Who never says one word that's right and meet
and due.

Who speaks great thoughts and well can never
talk too long,

Though floods of speech outflow, and fierce the
stream and strong.

For lo! let Homer stand as witness if I lie.

What myriad words are his! Yet neither you
nor I

Nor any living soul finds Homer long and dry.

EURIPIDES

IF we were altogether sure
That life ran on beyond Death's door,
That Death through darkness, pain and strife
Ushered us in to larger life,
I'd hang myself here on these trees,
And fly to find Euripides.

VARIOUS VERSES

MOODS OF YOUTH

I CROSSED a bridge on a dreary day,
 When the waters of doubt
 Flowed listless about,
And scarce could discover their weary way ;
 And the banks were sad
 With their trees unclad,
And the bridge was grim and the sky was grey.

I crossed a bridge on a day of delight,
 When the waves in excess
 Of wild happiness
Swept under and past with confident might ;
 And the music I heard
 Of a summer bird,
And the bridge was strong and the sky was
 bright.

MOODS OF YOUTH

The bridge was the same
As when first I came ;
The waters and sky
Had changed, and had I ?

I crossed a bridge when my heart was low,
And life had as guest
A wild unrest,
And I knew not whither for peace to go ;
And hope was veiled,
So oft had I failed
To do and to know what I should do and know.

I crossed a bridge in a merry time,
For I verily knew
That hearts were true,
That the purpose of life might be sublime ;
That 'twas weakness to fret,
And strength to set
One's face to the mountains and manfully climb.

'Twas I that passed
Both first and last ;
New waves of circumstance flowed by,
And made me seem another I.

THE FOUNTAIN

WITH purest jewel-rays bedight
I sparkle on from morn to night,
In the bosom of the light.

The sun's kiss is enough for me,
Yet the wind whispers from the tree
Its songs of sweetest ecstasy.

The grass near me is ever green,
And all the flowers with loving mien
Greet me with faces bright and clean.

And so amid them will I stay,
Nor trust those voices when they say,
"Come and seek pleasure, come away!"

THE FOUNTAIN

Oh, the warm sun, the wind's caress,
Trees, flowers and grass, they love and bless !
Then where I am is happiness !

THE PATHWAY OF LIGHT

A VISION of waters that quietly sway
In ripples on a low, long seaworn shore,
Baring smooth tracks of rock in play,
But to sweep over them in play once more.

A light that floods the waters in the night
In one broad silvery gleam amid the gloom,
Wherein the dainty ripples glisten bright
In crests as dear as flowers in their bloom.

And so along the ledges of the rocks;
While out beyond is darkness fathomless.
Some hidden spell the shrinking spirit shocks
From fuller search into that dreariness.

So all the soul goes out into the light,
Spreads there alone, finds there alone escape
Into the world of wonders infinite,
Seeking the peace and joy that there have shape.

THE PATHWAY OF LIGHT

But what is this that floats from out the dark,
As peaceful as the gently moving waves?
It is a spar from some unhappy bark;
It is a tombstone over ocean graves

Ay me! and so the darkness has its woes,
The gloom is not the sum of all its loss;
Its sorrow with the wave of being flows
The chosen pathway of the light to cross.

We have one path, and that alone is light,
And darkness broods o'er all the main beside;
But, faring there, we know that out of sight
Woes pitiful to weeping drift and hide.

TONGUES IN TREES

EVERY leaf of living green,
Every petal of a flower,
Is a tongue whose speech serene
Tells a tale of love and power.

Every bit of running brook,
As it flashes, foams and flows,
Is for us an open book,
Words of wonder to disclose.

Every stick and stock and stone,
Found in forest, field, or fen,
Hath its sermon, read and known
Of the hearts of thinking men.

Everything on every side,
When its sense is understood,
Tells of good, that doth abide
Since 'twas first created good.

FRIENDS

LET friendship's circle widely share
The joys wherewith we're blest ;
Let all in moments free from care
Partake our mirth and jest ;
A chosen few may hear confessed
Our sadness and our woe ;
But none save choicest friends and best
Our inmost heart may know.

TO MICHAEL ANGELO

IT fadeth not, thy halo of renown,
The masterpiece and triumph of thy hand ;
Unshaken still thy monuments withstand
Time's constant buffetings to cast them down,
For Virtue raised them ; nor may voices drown
Thy echoing praises. Lo, thine image grand
O'er this far time and clime lifts in our land
A form that wears a more than earthly crown.
And scarce we deem it merits blush' or blame
To worship in the temple of thy fame ;
For to our searching thought thou dost appear
In work and worth a breath of the divine :
So gleams thy autograph with seal and sign
Set in the book of glory, wondrous, clear.

TO WORDSWORTH

To lofty utterance tuned or lyric grace,
Thy voice, uplifted from the lettered page,
Rings on in accents clear from age to age,
And like an oracle of God doth trace
Ideal paths for gentle feet to pace;
Bidding them turn from passionate grief or rage,
Whatever ills molest their pilgrimage;
And whispering hope and comfort to our race.
Still from thy soul an influence is shed
To kindle common day to sunnier light,
And speed the happy warrior in his fight.
Vain thought, "Thou shouldst be living at this
hour";
Wordsworth! to us at least thou art not dead;
For us thou livest on in word and power.

GREATEST OF THESE

On a Royal Academy picture by Sigismund Goetze, 1907

OH! name not her whose lips with drink are wet,
Nor any soul more soiled and sin-defiled;
But woman still by vanities beguiled
Her being's crown and glory may forget.
One reigns a queen of fashion in her set;
One drives her motor for excitement wild;
One hunts and kills, from woman's ways exiled;
And one steps forth the fighting suffragette;
One weds herself to Heaven for heart's content;
And one to learning with a soul sincere;
Others are drawn to many a strange career,
On fame, on fortune, or adventure bent.
"Greatest of these" sits throned the mother mild,
Love in her heart, and in her arms a child.

REST, LITTLE BIRD!

REST, little bird! it is in vain, you know—
And hard the fight that teaches you how vain—
To beat against the bars with lavish pain
Of weary wings; and should we let you go
Into the world of trees, where care of ours
Could not assuage your little flood of smarts,
You'd miss kind friends and sympathising hearts,
And to be glad would be beyond your powers.
We love you and will tend you tenderly,
But stay and taste our loving care awhile;
It is our joy that you should happy be,
And without you we can nor sing nor smile;
No other birdie can our love efface,
No second songster steal into your place.

THE CATHEDRAL

I

I DWELL within a great cathedral's walls.
High-reaching clustered columns manifold
Stretch arms the sculptured marvel to uphold,
Which lies storm-proof above those airy halls,
Where glory veiled in mystery softly falls
From windows bathed in crimson waves and gold
And, nearer, heavenly forms wear earthly mould
To stand the guardian angels of the stalls.
Around, the Past hath set memorials,
That younger days may emulate the old.
Beneath my tread lie honoured ashes cold,
The deathless spirit ever heavenward calls;
And pointing arch and slender shaft conspire
To draw the soaring soul to high desire.

THE CATHEDRAL

II

NOW music like the ocean surges here,
These high resounding chambers to possess.
The might of nature rolls in storm and stress,
Harmoniously beating on the ear.
And as sweet waters in their glad career
To meet the moving tide exultant press,
So human voices rise in joyfulness,
And give to solemn strains the notes that cheer.
Here Misery may wipe away her tear,
Here Faith rekindles in the heart's recess,
Here Hope springs forth eternally to bless,
And Charity may all the world endear ;
And love is purified, and life is strong,
And death itself can do the soul no wrong.

CHESS

I

PHILOSOPHERS who play the game of chess
Are wont to point the moral of their play
By semblances with life's uncertain way
Through danger on to failure or success.
Man is a piece or pawn amid the press
Of warring forces marshalled for the fray,
With friends to succour, foemen to waylay,
And with a king to serve in faithfulness.
Wise thought may bring relief in sore distress ;
Foresight and fortitude aye win the day ;
Go, life's less selfish interests obey,
Which bind in friendship greater men and less ;
Good heart, clear head, a worthy end in view—
Ideals these for all good men and true.

CHESS

II

Or man is matched with hell's alert monárch.
Contending for his soul, to loose or bind ;
So needs he all the wit of humankind,
And Heaven's light upon his problem dark.

What saith our S'adi, he who hits the mark
And speaking brings conviction to the mind
With wealth of precious wisdom well-refined,
And quickened with a vitalising spark?

Lo, every pawn that moves across the board
Wins more of worth with every footstep scored
What sorrow 'twere if in his pilgrimage
Man went from bad to worse at every stage
Life is beset with perils to the soul,
Walk worthily and wisely toward the goal.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING

"So this is the lesson you have in hand?

Then what is an island, my daughter?

"An island, dear father—a piece of land
Entirely drowned with water!"

A PERFECT UNDERSTANDING

"WHAT, drawing flowers, children, still?

Come, what's a flower? say! who knows?"

"Father, I know" said little Will;

"A picture that has roots and grows."

TO A. V.

Οὐκ ἔστιν ἀνδρὶ ἀγαθῷ κακὸν οὐδὲν
οὔτε ζῶντι οὔτε τελευτήσαντι

WHOSO is good wears a perpetual charm
To turn the slings and arrows near him flying ;
Unmoved by darksome doubt or loud alarm,
And undismayed though sorrow come and sighing ;
His incorruptible immune from harm,
Whether it be in living or in dying.

There is none good but God, our voices say ;
And this our creed is shaped by inspiration.
None else may walk unwounded in the way
Of world and flesh and devilish temptation.
Yet by the good within his heart man may
Be salted with the salt of preservation.

THE END

(Lines in loneliness)

OH Earth, with your sons and your daughters !
Have I no converse with you ?
Must I drop, like a stone on the waters,
And vanish for ever from view ?

Must I sink without leaving a bubble
To gleam in the daylight awhile ?
May I offer no tear in your trouble,
Nor give back a smile for a smile ?

I deemed it was human to borrow
From fellowship comfort divine ;
I dreamed that some soul in its sorrow
Might care to be sharer with mine.

THE END

I thought that attachment to others
Throve best among good hearts and glad;
I sought for companions and brothers
In all the high aims that I had.

And ever my vision of splendour
With one happy hope glistened bright
—Of a heart that was sunny and tender
And dear in its day of delight.

.
Is there none, then, whose joys I may double
Whose sorrows my love may beguile?
Is there no one to weep at my trouble,
And none to be glad when I smile?

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